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Mr. Churchill Mounts the Footplate

During the long debates on the nationalisation statutes in the 1945 Parliament, Conservative spokesmen passionately advocated that nationalised industries should pay their way and that public Corporations should be free from Ministerial direction. Mr. Churchill must have had a lapse of memory when he intervened in the matter of the British Transport Commission's new scale of fares.

The scheme was endorsed by the Transport Tribunal after full public examination. That part which applies to London came into effect on March 1; the increases outside London were due on May 1. On March 10, to meet protests, the Minister of Transport announced his intention of referring the changes in London fare stages to the Central Transport Consultative Committee. At the same time he reminded the public that he had no power to interfere with the actual level of fares, which had the full statutory authority of the Transport Tribunal. The Consultative Committee in due course reported that the Commission's proposals were justified. Now the provincial scheme is also to be referred to the Committee, and at the same time a direction has been issued to the Transport Commission that the forthcoming increases are not to take place, though the decreases, which are substantial, are to come into effect, next Thursday, as planned.

There are three simple comments to make on this muddle. First, Mr. Churchill, by blundering into a complicated matter which he does not understand, has humiliated his luckless Minister of Transport, confused the public and imperilled the good relations between the Transport Commission and the Government. Secondly, there is considerable doubt whether the direction given by the Minister is within the law. The Minister's own view on March 10 was that such a direction would be illegal. Thirdly, the further reference to the Consultative Committee must be either meaningless or else, unlike the London reference, couched in such a form as to permit the Committee to recommend reductions in the new fares which would impair the Transport Commission's commercial responsibility for covering its costs. This is clearly outside the law as it stands at present.

The explanation of this almost indescribable muddle is simple. The London scheme took effect on March 1. The County Council elections occurred in the first week of April. The provincial scheme was due to start on May 1; and the Borough Council elections take place in the following week. The conclusion is inescapable that Mr. Churchill, at the behest of his Party machine, has deliberately gerrymandered the finances of the nation's transport in the hope of escaping even more damaging electoral reverses. This hope, we believe, will prove a vain one; and the Labour Party must lose no opportunity of exposing the manœuvre as a piece of improper and incompetent demogogy.

But behind the Party intrigue lie wider issues. It is too early to say whether a fully integrated national transport system could achieve a degree of efficiency which could carry the burden of the railways. Important economies have already been effected, which could not have been achieved under decentralised ownership. But the railways cannot yet be maintained at the required level of efficiency without either prohibitive charges or else a continuing deficit on operations.

If, therefore, the public is to be protected from high fares, a subsidy is essential for the present, and the Transport Commission must press on with all speed towards the complete integration of a national transport system. The Government can scarcely be contemplating the first of these courses in the same year that they are taking drastic action towards the abolition of the food subsidies; while further integration appears to be ruled out by the much heralded announcement of the intention to restore road transport to the private owners. This measure, however it were dressed up, could only result in restoring the cream of the profits to the road hauliers, while leaving the railway system as a permanent burden to the public, both as travellers and taxpayers.

The Opposition must watch that Mr. Churchill's shabby manœuvre does not place them in the position of seeming to resist lower fares. Their first task must be to state clearly their attitude towards a subsidy. There is much to be said for Mr.

Harold Wilson's suggestion of a sliding-scale block grant to cover increases in costs which are beyond the control of the Transport Commission. Secondly, Labour must campaign with the utmost vigour against the Tory plans to reward the political loyalty of the road hauliers at the expense of the rest of the community. It is impossible to prevent a general rise in prices from reflecting itself in transport charges; but the best hope of giving the public real and permanent protection is that nationalisation should be made a success.

Dubious Prospect

This year's *Economic Survey* is a logical reflection of the change of Government: it typifies the abandonment of detailed planning in favour of reliance on the broad application of control of credit and the price mechanism. True, a picture in outline is given of the results which, it is hoped, will accrue in Britain's economy during 1952; but it is difficult to see whether the forecasts are based merely on wishful thinking or on any precise summation of detailed estimates for different sectors of the economy.

In essentials, the picture had already been familiarised by the Chancellor. Imports are to be cut by £300m.; Defence will require £200m. more resources, offset by a fall of £50m. in Government requirements for civil purposes; national output, it is hoped, will rise by £250m., and exports by £50m. This leaves a fall of £250m. in the resources available for non-governmental purposes. Assuming, as is intended, that consumption will be unchanged, the whole of the decrease will fall on civil building and industrial plant.

The *Survey* is strangely complacent about the long-term effects of thus under-nourishing industry at a time when foreign competition is increasing; but, apart from this, it is manifest that the estimates are not worth the paper on which they are written. The chances of an export increase are highly problematic in the light of the present world recession in demand for consumer goods, which normally account for two-fifths of British exports; and, though capital goods industries continue to be active, the slump in Lancashire and Yorkshire is already affecting other branches of manufacture to an extent which renders it improbable that national output, this year, will increase by anything like the estimated figure.

Towards German Rearmament

The Western Powers evidently have no intention of allowing the latest Russian offers on the re-unification of Germany to deflect them from their determination to secure a strong military ally in Western Germany. Within the European Defence Community, negotiations are now said to be far advanced on the list of war materials and armaments which Western Germany is to be allowed to manufacture in the near future. The "security factor" in determining what shall be withheld from this list is not, as might be expected, in terms of West German political reliability, but in terms of Germany's nearness to a potential battle zone. Western Germany, accordingly, is not to be allowed to build the plant necessary for the manufacture of heavy armament and weapons—presumably because this plant, in the event of war, might be overrun or rapidly put out of action.

Everything now turns on the signing of the Contractual Agreement—in effect, the separate peace treaty and alliance—between Western Germany and the Western Powers; and this event is expected, with some severe American pressure, to take place in the middle of next month. With these preparations in full swing, it would be too much to expect that the U.S. Government should reverse engines towards Four-Power negotiation for a re-unified Germany. Mr. Acheson made short work of the latest Russian Note when he spoke on the subject last week-end in Washington. His thesis was the old and threadbare reiteration of the argument that Germany could be reunited only as "a full member of the free community of Europe"—only, that is, in alliance with the Western Powers against the Soviet Union. Echoing the Secretary of State, Mr. Eden said on Tuesday that while he recognised the German people's desire for unity founded on a "free democratic choice," the West was not to be "diverted from the constructive work of European unification."

Central Africans in London

The expected conference on Central African Federation met at the Colonial Office on Wednesday. Its task will be to try to make the original officials' proposals on federation more palatable to both White and African opinion; and its recommendations will be dealt with by the Governments concerned in July. Considering the strength of African opposition to federation, the most striking thing about this predominantly "White settlers'" conference is the virtual absence of Africans. Eight Africans came from Rhodesia and Nyasaland—carefully hand-picked by Government—but even they are boycotting the conference; while the two Africans whom Sir Godfrey Huggins has brought from Southern Rhodesia are his own personal nominees.

Unofficial delegations from Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland offer a much wider and more authoritative representation of African opinion. The Northern Rhodesian unofficial delegation, for instance, includes the Paramount Chief Chitimukulu of the Bemba, one of the most important tribes in Central Africa; the president of the 25,000-strong Northern Rhodesian African Miners' Union, Mr. Lawrence Katilungu; the president of the Northern Rhodesian African Congress, Mr. Harry Nkumbula; and Chief Masikotwane, who is Senior Chief of the Ila people, one of the most fruitful sources of recruits to the Northern Rhodesian regiment. The Northern Rhodesian African Congress collected £4,000 to send this delegation—a collection made mainly in the rural areas, which disposes of the idea that Congress is only a group of intellectuals. The unofficial Nyasaland delegation has men of comparable status and calibre. Both delegations are hoping that the Colonial Secretary will receive them, so that they can present their case against Federation; but they are not being allowed any part in the conference itself. Yet it is clearly these men, and the people they represent, in whose opinions the British Government should really be interested.

America's Tariff Wall

The immense efforts that have been made to expand British exports to the United States have achieved only a very limited success; but even this has been enough to excite a great and growing number of demands by American manufacturers for a return to higher protection. These demands take the form of applications to the U.S. Tariff Commission, which has independent powers, for exemption from the lower rates on imports accorded under the Trade Agreements Act by means of tariff agreements negotiated by the State Department. The Tariff Commission recently granted the claims of the fur trade; and now demands are pouring in from manufacturers of bicycles, screws, chinaware, and a number of other goods of which increased quantities have been finding their way into America. Some of the American trade unions have joined in the manufacturers' demands; and, though Mr. Acheson has taken a strong line against them, he has no power to stop the Tariff Commission from doing as it thinks fit. The British and Italian Governments have both lodged protests with the State Department against this new trend in American tariff policy. The British Note in particular points out that it endangers the entire working of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs; and Mr. Acheson has asserted that the problem of the balance of payments is as much an American as a European problem. It seems likely, however, that the American interests will get a good deal of their way; and, in that event, there will be no alternative to a reversion in Europe to the type of bilateral trade agreement which the State Department has been exerting strong pressure to prevent.

The Doctor's Dilemma

The question "Should a doctor tell?" has never been a legal conundrum. Unlike the lawyer who receives a confidential communication from a client, medical men can be compelled, in a court of law, to disclose what clients have told them. What passes between doctor and patient is not a "privileged communication." But sometimes a criminal case can never come to light unless a doctor considers himself free to disregard his oath of secrecy. He may know, for example, that an epileptic patient holds a driving licence, obtained by way of a declaration that he was not subject to any such disease. And a children's nurse who refuses to give up her work, although she has a communicable form of venereal disease, presents a danger that may not even be criminal.

For the first time, the annual report of the Council of the British Medical Association faces this problem squarely. The B.M.A. has always said that a doctor should not in any circumstances *voluntarily* disclose such matters without the consent of the patient. It has now reconsidered its attitude towards the rule of professional secrecy, and admits the existence of "special occasions when it may become a doctor's moral or social duty, for the protection of innocent persons," to pass on information to an interested party if the patient fails or refuses to do it himself. Even if this difficult decision has been forced upon the medical men by the fact that the entire population now goes to their consulting rooms, it is a common-sense decision which will in no way damage their integrity.

PARIS

Smearing the Resistance

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Although M. Pinay was a Vichy man, he does not appear to have been politically active under the Pétain régime. The fact, however, that he is surrounded by Vichy technicians, that he and M. Flandin, Pétain's Foreign Minister, have been spending week-ends together on the Riviera, and that there is a higher proportion of ex-Vichyites in M. Pinay's party of Independents than in any other group—all this has acted as a further encouragement to the apologists of Vichy and to the whitewashers of war criminals, and indeed to the war criminals themselves. On March 19, Charles Maurras, who, as head of the *Action Française*, had been sentenced to life imprisonment after having, at Vichy, advocated, among other things, the large-scale shooting of Resistance hostages, was released on grounds of ill-health and senility. No sooner had he got out than he published a sort of "manifesto"; he not only demanded compensation and apologies for his "ill-treatment," but proposed that M. de Menthon, one of the leaders of the Resistance, be guillotined as an example to others, and as a sort of symbolic *revanche* of Vichy. He picked on M. de Menthon, who is a leading member of the M.R.P., precisely because he was *not* a Jew, and *not* a Communist or Socialist, but because he was a *grand bourgeois* and an aristocrat "who should have known better."

The greater part of the Assembly, in a debate last week, was roused to indignation both by the insolent ravings of the Maurras "manifesto" and by the smear campaigns against the Resistance that have been conducted with impunity and *crescendo* in the past year by several weeklies, notably *Rivarol*, *Aspects de la France* and *Pays Réel*, all of them ardent apologists of Vichy. One of them went so far as to liken the greatness and "martyrdom" of Pétain to those of Jesus Christ. M. Teitgen (M.R.P., ex-Resistance) insisted that the Government take steps to counteract the widespread anti-Resistance propaganda by including in school curricula an accurate history of the French Resistance Movement. This was now being misrepresented much too often by Vichy apologists as a collection of gangsters and murderers, and the "estimate" of the number of "innocent victims" of the Resistance had rapidly risen in a year from 10,000 to over 100,000. His speech was loudly cheered by the M.R.P., the Socialists, and most of the Gaullists, and the Communists also gave it tacit approval. But some of M. Pinay's supporters were distinctly lukewarm, and even a few cries of *Vive Pétain!* could be heard.

M. Martinaud-Déplat, Minister of Justice, said the Government would order the teaching of the history of the Resistance in schools, but while admitting that the number of persons shot, "with or without trial did not exceed 10,000, some of these shootings, carried out in the midst of what was in effect a civil war, were "regrettable"; and he was glad to say that he was releasing as many of the remaining imprisoned war criminals—now only just over 2,000—as possible. The Left-wing press, while considering M. Teitgen's defence of the Resistance as praiseworthy, does not think it will be very effective in checking the anti-Resistance atrocity propaganda and the revival of all the old hate *motifs* of *Gringoire*, *Action Française* and the rest in a growing number of new publications.

WASHINGTON

Post-Easter Parade

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Since Easter, Washington swarms with visitors, trooping, cine-camera in hand, from one marble memorial to another, and arrayed in those gaudy garments which make most consciously relaxing Americans look as though they are wearing fancy dress. In addition there have been two huge conventions. The Daughters of the American Revolution and the American Society of Newspaper Editors descended simultaneously on the capital to remind the harassed and much investigated bureaucrats how untypical they are.

The members of the D.A.R. seldom disappoint. With their expensive silk dresses, their gay spring hats adorned with every variety of fertility symbol, their rimless pincenez, their aura of overblown opulence, they manage to look as though the exotic if wilting orchids which bedeck their bountiful bosoms had been translated into human form. The causes for which the Daughters pledged this year their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honour, were, if anything, more bizarre than usual. They passed a resolution deploring the "Socialistic tendencies" of the United Nations; they called for a Congressional investigation of the "affront to the Stars and Stripes" when Admiral Lynde McCormick broke the N.A.T.O. flag at his newly established Supreme Allied Naval Headquarters in Norfolk, Virginia, and they asked for a personal inspection of the gold reserves in Fort Knox.

This last example of vigilance was occasioned by the 1950 figures of the International Monetary Fund which said "the United States has been losing gold at the rate of two billion dollars a year." While others remembered that this statement referred to that fleeting period when the dollar gap yawned the other way, and a heavily stockpiling America settled its debts with gold payments, the Daughters drew the disturbing conclusion that the loss meant that some 2,381 tons of bullion had been sneaked out of its underground repository. Washington corruption had clearly gone infinitely deeper than anyone thought; and, set against the professional bandits in the Treasury, the Lavender Hill Mob was just a bunch of cheap skates.

Little love has been lost in the past between President Truman and the American Newspaper Editors. When some four hundred of them attended his news conference last week their leaderwriters were busy castigating the power-hungry dictator who had seized the steel industry, and their presses were printing whole-page advertisements denouncing this latest threat to American Freedom. They were clearly taken aback by the terms in which Mr. Truman spoke to them. He discussed his decision to retire. He proclaimed his belief that no man is indispensable, that it is the office of the Presidency that is continuing, not the man, that Presidential histories had taught him that after eight years a man has given all that he can, that by then he has either been a failure or a success, and he must not drag it out either way. He recalled an epitaph on an Arizona tombstone which had appealed to him: "Here lies Jack Williams—he done his damnedest."

The editors heard the President explain that, though he would dearly love to return to the Senate, it would be unfair to use the highest office in the land as a lever to enter another office; that though he would like to teach history, he had no genuine degrees, and so no university would engage him; that he would like to contribute to the understanding and the well-being of the people, surprisingly citing the example of Herbert Hoover, for whose efforts to reorganise the Governmental machine he has a genuine regard. The President added that his valedictory advice to Americans was to study and strengthen the United Nations.

Some of those present realised that when a President makes it known that he is leaving office the change in the nature of his Administration is accompanied by a change in the nature of the President himself, and that they were listening to an elder statesman, a man who was thinking about the great issues rather than the petty ones, a man with a feeling for history, a man with a profound sense of relief that he has taken his decision, and a growing conviction that posterity will record its appreciation of what he has tried to do. Not a few of the editors looked a little chastened as they made their way out into the sunlight. Such reflections on government were not quite what they had expected.

Fateful Days in South Africa

NEARLY one year ago the South African Government introduced a Bill to place Cape Coloured voters—they numbered 48,804 in 1949—on a separate electoral roll. Unable to prevent the passage of this Bill through Parliament, the Opposition questioned its constitutional validity; and the Supreme Court in due time handed down a judgment against the Act. On the assumption that the Act of Union of 1909 is still in force, the Supreme Court could not do otherwise: for this Separate Representation of Coloured Voters' Act offended patently against the "entrenched clauses" of the Act of Union. It offended, for example, against Clause 152 which said that Parliament might not alter or repeal any of the provisions of the Act (which protected, *inter alia*, the status granted to Cape Coloured voters in 1853) "unless the Bill embodying such repeal or alteration shall be passed by both Houses of Parliament, sitting together, and at the third reading be agreed to by not less than two-thirds of the total number of members of both Houses."

Brushing this aside, the Nationalist Government argues that the Act of Union has had no legal force since the Statute of Westminster and the Status of the Union Act of 1934. When the Supreme Court found to the contrary, accordingly, Dr. Malan announced at once that he would bring in legislation which should enable the Union Parliament to have "complete control over its own acts," and should end this "state of constitutional enslavement." This week Dr. Dönges, Minister of the Interior, introduced a Bill to set up a Constitutional Court which would practically override the Supreme Court; while Mr. Havenga, trailing along behind Dr. Malan at the end of a rather fruitless career, continues to argue that the Coloured Voters' Act does not conflict with the "entrenched clauses." With rising tempers on every hand, South Africa is now waiting to see just how far Dr. Malan is prepared to go.

There is irony in the circumstances that this latest and perhaps fateful clash between the two great White minorities of South Africa should arise from a quarrel about the rights of one of the non-White communities. For the United Party and the Nationalist Party—most of the English-speaking Whites, that is, and most of the Afrikaans-speaking Whites—are essentially at one on the central issue of racialism. Both agree with permanent White supremacy: but where the Nationalist party wants a Nationalist, Afrikaans-speaking dictatorship along Fascist lines, the English-speaking community (and, with it, many moderate Afrikaners) wants a White dictatorship, exercised through Parliament, in which both White communities shall be fully represented, and a certain indirect representation of non-Whites shall be permitted. The present clash is therefore desperately real. If the Act of Union can be altered by a simple majority, then there is nothing to prevent the Nationalists from abolishing the equality of status of the English language (also protected by the Act of Union), and from placing English-speaking South Africans in permanent political inferiority.

As things stand, the Nationalists can reckon with confidence on victory at next year's General Election—partly because they have the backing of a rural vote which is heavily weighted *vis-à-vis* the urban vote, and partly because they have passed several measures which improve their electoral position. Typical of these was the Citizenship Act which increased the immigrant's period of qualification for the vote from two to five years, and gave the Government power to refuse it even after that: a British settler who goes to South Africa this year may not vote, in any case, before 1957. Even so, the Nationalists were elected on a minority of votes, and there is every reason to believe that they cannot possibly hope to secure a two-thirds majority in Parliament. If they want to fulfil their party programme, which is avowedly authoritarian, they must abolish the "entrenched clauses" of the Act of Union.

The United Party was slow to move in its own defence. Seldom more than a coalition of conflicting interests, it was inhibited by its own attitude towards the non-White communities and by the weakness of its leadership since Smuts died. In 1936, after all, it had voted with the Nationalists for the removal of Africans from the common electoral roll: it shuddered, and it still shudders, at any suggestion that it might be seeking alliance with non-Whites. Its mainstay remains, now as in the past, the Rand mining interests which, in turn, have generally based their whole attitude and economic pattern on the maintenance of cheap African labour, and, therefore, on the maintenance of racial discrimination. If the United Party now sought alliance with non-Whites in opposing the dictatorial aims of the Nationalists, it would go far to undermine the doctrine of permanent White supremacy. No more than a small liberal minority within its ranks is prepared to envisage that eventuality.

It was largely in reaction against this insipid United Party opposition to measures which threaten to establish a quasi-Fascist dictatorship in South Africa that the spectacular movement known as the Torch Commando sprang up. Baulked in Parliament, the more energetic and youthful spirits in the United Party turned to extra-Parliamentary action—action which has had the form of torchlight processions, "sticker" campaigns, public meetings and demonstrations of protest, all aimed at convincing the Nationalists that their expected bid for one-party dictatorship would meet resistance. With the sturdy figure of a fighter ace, "Sailor" Malan, at its head, membership of the Torch Commando has grown rapidly towards its present figure of about 150,000. Many well-known South Africans of both White communities have joined it. Ample funds have become available from some of the more forward-looking mining and commercial interests. And the Nationalists, who evidently respect nothing else, have watched its growth with growing apprehension.

Now the United Party and its allies, within Parliament and outside it, could very quickly paralyse the Nationalist Government by perfectly legal and non-violent means—upon one condition, that they were prepared for alliance with the non-White communities. Everybody knows that, though not everybody is willing to admit it. Even the threat of an alliance would probably be enough to scare the Nationalists into immediate concessions. Would the Torch Commando draw this obvious conclusion, and act upon it? At the beginning, a year ago, many thought it might; and watched with fear or admiration according to their lights. But the fatal equivocation soon asserted itself. Although the declared opponent of Nationalist dictatorship, the Commando lost no time in showing that its opposition was to remain within the familiar framework of White supremacy. It decided to permit Cape Coloured people to become members—the Commando's origin, after all, had been in protest against the removal of the Cape Coloureds from the common roll—but only in separate branches, with executive representation only by Europeans. When the Commando came to celebrate Alamein Day, the Coloured ex-Servicemen who had fought in that battle alongside the members of the Commando were excluded from the demonstration. In March of this year the Commando openly dissociated itself from the campaign of passive resistance then being planned by non-White organisations, and even appealed to the leaders of those organisations to abandon their plans. The Nationalists, clearly enough, were saved once again.

What will the United Party do now, when it is faced with the likelihood of legislation to override constitutional judgments of the Supreme Court? Will it learn its lesson? Brave words apart, there is no present sign that it will. Its leaders appear to be divided among themselves on whether to continue their parliamentary fight or to try for compromise. One set of mining interests, apparently, believes that the best solution, yielding "a stable government" like the old Smuts-Hertzog Coalition, would be a new deal with the Nationalists. The United Party would concede the two-thirds majority for constitutional change, while the Nationalists would abandon their drive for one-party dictatorship: in this way, too, succession to the aged Malan and Havenga in the Nationalist Party might be prevented from passing into the hands of "wild men" like Mr. Advocate Strydom. Another set of interests in the United Party, those more closely identified with support of the Torch Commando, still thinks that parliamentary opposition, backed by vigorous extra-parliamentary demonstration, can stop the Nationalists—who are indeed weaker than they look—before they have gone too far.

For the moment, the second group seems to have the upper hand. A formal alliance was concluded last week between the United Party, the Labour Party, and the Torch Commando: but this has little political meaning, since the alliance already existed in practice. Meanwhile, the non-White organisations are bracing themselves for passive resistance to *Apartheid* without one scrap of backing or encouragement from the United Party or the Torch Commando. The best that can be hoped, perhaps, is that the United Party will manage not to succumb to the temptation to seek parliamentary compromise, at a time when such compromise is possible only at bitter cost to the non-White majority in South Africa. A mere moderation of racial persecution in South Africa, even if a new coalition could really secure it, would not spare that country the desperate fate to which it is now fast heading: at this late hour, only an end to persecution can do that.

Value for Money

Caveat Emptor. How often do we heed the warning? The unhappy truth is that beyond a narrow range of commonplace articles, we are hopelessly incompetent to choose between rival claimants upon our pockets; we shop blindly, like subscribers to a lottery, and we are often losers. Habit is our guide, or emulation, or superficial appearance, or the blandishments of the advertiser. With cheap goods, ignorance may not matter much. A household budget is not wrecked by the failure of a ball-point pen or a cigarette lighter. But the purchase of a television set, a washing machine or a car is usually the result of scraping and planning. It is done so rarely that a mistake is expensive and sometimes irreparable. Yet how is Mr. Jones, who spends six and a half days a week in a City office, to judge the comparative merits of radio circuits, washing techniques or engineering methods in Coventry factories he has never seen? He buys a metal cabinet for his kitchen. Does he know that there is no proper priming beneath its gleaming paint, and that in a few months it will be pocked with rust? The more costly and unusual the article, the less likely he is to be sure he is getting value for money.

Enormous sums must be wasted each year on shoddy and unserviceable products. I am sure that my own experience is shared by others. Since 1946, I have had to return a refrigerator motor, a carpet, a sideboard, a set of curtains and a dressing-table to the makers as defective, though in each case I had taken some trouble in choosing reputable manufacturers and retailers. And how many consumers are swindled by gimcrack design and poor materials? Saucepans with handles too hot to hold and kettles that let steam burn the fingers; electric appliances that are hazardous and coal shovels that bend; you can find these in almost any hardware shop. There are towels and sheets that will not stand up to washing, clothes that are ruined by a trip to the cleaners, paints that shrink and crack, sunburn creams that irritate the skin and proprietary cures that upset the bowels. We can all make such a list from memory. Yet we bear it. We are too ignorant to realise that we have been duped or too complacent to revolt.

Production of worthless goods is a social waste; but it also lays a heavy burden on families that are already hard-pressed by rising prices and are often driven to buy inferior articles. Price is only one element in real cost. Durability and quality are just as important, and there are many cases in which good design could give much greater value for the same outlay. No Government that is really in earnest about reducing the cost of living should have any compunction about waging a stern campaign on behalf of the consumer. Certainly, no Socialist Government should fail to do so.

Such a campaign, however, need not depend upon cumbersome regulations or upon coercive discrimination against offending producers. One of the weaknesses of the Utility Scheme was that it set up rigid specifications which militated against new designs and materials and yet, especially in later years, left loopholes for the unscrupulous. What we need is a much more flexible device, one that would leave the field open for competition and innovation while providing standards of quality and performance against which the consumer can test the advertiser's claims. Fortunately, such a device exists, and it has already been formally accepted as part of the policy of the trade union movement and the Labour Party, though nothing has been done to put it into operation.

In 1945, at the T.U.C., on the motion of the Association of Scientific Workers, the unions unanimously demanded the formation of a Council for Consumer Research. Five years later, this proposal found its way into *Labour Believes in Britain*, which proposed a "Consumer Advice Centre" to

> conduct expert tests and examinations of the various consumer goods on the market. It will issue buying guides, indicating the relative merits and demerits of the products tested, and how far each is reasonable value for money.

There is nothing new in this, save the suggestion that this Centre should be publicly financed and sponsored. The T.U.C., for instance, had urged that "the status and methods of financing . . . should be similar to those of the Medical Research Council. It should be required to publish its findings, which should be regarded as privileged comment within the law of libel." An organisation of this kind, called "Consumers Union," has functioned in the United States for many years, and at present its private reports go to nearly half a million members. It takes standard products, subjects them to scientific tests, and makes blunt and critical comments upon them. I have many friends whose purchases are guided entirely by these reports, and I have personally found them most useful in deciding between competing makes of motor tyres, pressure-cookers, toasters and typewriters. The reports are detailed, reliable and—most important—comparative.

Here, of course, is the rub. Under our present libel law, it is impossible to criticise or comment upon *products* with the same freedom as we do upon books or films, and any private organisation which sought to do so would run serious risks of legal action. Two courses are open to us. The first is to take advantage of Harold Lever's Bill to reform the libel law in this respect, and so give adequate protection to a British counterpart to Consumers Union. That would be desirable, in any case, though the American experience suggests that a "voluntary" body of this kind affects only the more enlightened consumers and has little impact on the mass market. The second, is to prepare specific plans for a public Council, as envisaged by the T.U.C. and the Labour Party, so that its establishment could be one of the first steps to be taken when Labour returns to power.

A draft has already been prepared, in fact, by the Association of Scientific Workers, and published as an excellent pamphlet which I hope will be reprinted.* Its authors point out that a considerable amount of consumer research is already carried out by Government Departments or Government-sponsored bodies. The various Ministries, for instance, are engaged in surveys which range from house design to the labelling and standard requirements of the Ministry of Food. Though the results of such research could be made available through a suitable co-ordinating Centre, at present each Ministry works in relative isolation. Consumer research, moreover, needs to be more detached from current policy than it can be while it is carried on by Departmental staffs. But besides the Ministries, there are organisations like the Consumer's Councils in the nationalised industries, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the Medical and Agricultural Research Councils, the National Physical Laboratory and the British Standards Institution. There are the Council of Industrial Design, the Design Centres and Development Councils of various industries and trades, and, finally, the Government's own Social Survey. There is already, in short, a wealth of material available if there were a responsible body charged with sifting, co-ordinating and publishing it in a form convenient to the needs of the average consumer.

A public Consumer Research Council, however, would need a staff of its own to undertake its specific functions of testing, research, liaison and publication. It need not be very large. The A.Sc.W. estimates that it would require about eighty employees, sixty of whom would be clerical or technical assistants, and that it could be run on an annual budget of about £125,000. This is a trifle to set against the potential savings.

Naturally, some safeguards would be needed to protect manufacturers against arbitrary or unfair judgments, and these should be provided by making the Council responsible to Parliament through the Lord President of the Council, who already wields some powers in similar fields, and who would be charged directly with supervising the Council's work. It is hard to understand why the last Labour Government did not create such a Council, for there are no really serious technical, financial or even political problems involved. The case for it is overwhelming, and its possibilities are immense. Directed with energy and imagination, it could be the main weapon of a long-overdue consumers' revolt.

No conscientious manufacturers would have cause to worry; his products, indeed, would benefit from the favourable publicity. The jerry-producer would suffer the well-deserved penalty of falling sales, which would give him the choice of improving his product or going out of business. By this device, we should do much to solve one of the more difficult problems of economic planning—how to maintain flexible competition and yet channel production towards socially valuable outlets. It is true that it might have a certain effect on the advertising firms, whose emphasis would have to shift away from inflated claims and—as many reputable agencies have already moved—towards simple informative publicity. But if it did mean that less was spent on promotion, that saving could be reflected in the price paid by the consumer; more is spent to promote some articles than to produce them. And the first duty of a Socialist, after all, is to think of the man who buys a commodity for use and not of the man who sells it to him for a profit.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

"RUSSIA'S First Big Victory since Stalingrad" someone remarked of the Moscow Economic Conference. Not the right way to put it? Not exactly. But it is true that for the first time since the war Russia has made a move that has increased, instead of damaging, the great reputation which she won during the war *with non-Communists*. And the reason is that for the first time the Communists have listened to non-Communists. The Conference organisation at first seemed designed to produce nothing but a ludicrous sloganising affair on the Wroclaw model—an outcome made more probable by American pressure brought to bear on businessmen, who were warned that those who went to Moscow seldom got U.S. visas. The situation was saved as a result of discussion with non-Communist Westerners and, I think, with the Chinese, who are always quick to understand. A "no politics" decision was made and adhered to—so meticulously that the Persian delegate made a speech at the Conference without even mentioning oil! French and British businessmen decided to organise a bourse; the Chinese, Russians and others played up. It is true, as British Government spokesmen insist, that these trade arrangements could have been made through other channels. But in fact they weren't being so made. As a result, the Russians may possibly have begun to understand why some of us have been preaching year by year that in this world the only alternatives to war are political compromise and sincere, non-propagandist, discussion.

* * *

A friend who has been lecturing at an N.C.L.C. school in South Wales confirms what I had already heard about the degree of political tension existing in the Valleys. The question which generated the most interest—and heat—was whether the workers should use industrial action against the Tory Government, or follow the advice of the Labour leaders and concentrate on preparing a programme against the swing of the electoral pendulum. The official advice sounds reasonable enough to the professional politician, and it bears the hallmark of constitutional propriety. But the point of view of South Wales is rather different from that of the Reform Club. The men of the Valleys are not convinced by academic discussion about future policies. Plans for a leisurely return to power are all very well, they say; but what of the immediate future? The Tory Government is setting out to undo the achievements of the post-war years. Already the workers of Lancashire are suffering; soon it may be the turn of South Wales. Meanwhile the drift towards war is becoming more purposeful. By the time Labour is returned it may be too late. This view does less than justice, no doubt, to a real dilemma. But an over-nice insistence on the proprieties cannot be expected to convince a group of workers who are the most powerful, as well as the most militant, in Britain. My informant, who shares my view about this, none the less gave strong advice in favour of moderation, which he based on tactical arguments. The audience, mainly officials from the miners' lodges, treated his arguments with respect—and remained unconvinced. The handful of Communists urged direct action by token strike and refusal of Saturday work. They were answered by the minority of conscious Right-wingers. The significant fact, which the Government will disregard at its peril, is that the great majority of solid, experienced, non-Communist, Labour men agreed with the Communist argument. The Communists may exploit the anger and impatience of the Valleys: they are certainly not the cause of it.

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* *Spotlight on Shopping*. *A.Sc.W.* 1s.

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Poverty, misery and disease are no new story in Spain, and one would expect such malnutrition diseases as rickets and tuberculosis to have increased under the medieval incompetence and corruption of the Franco government. But to be told by *España y la Paz* (a Mexico City newspaper representing, I'm told, all groups of Spanish refugees) that large numbers of children are suffering from leprosy, infantile cancer and insanity is really horrifying. The report declares that 18,000 children under fourteen years of age have leprosy, which is now a rare disease elsewhere in Europe; that trachoma and eye diseases are at least as prevalent as in Egypt and other countries which have never pretended to have European standards. I should like to have confirmation of these figures in this report, some of which are said to be officially admitted by the Spanish Government. I am not surprised that two and a half million children should be without schooling; if Spanish children were allowed education the Franco regime could not last. Although a Franco labour law forbids the employment of children in industry, 700,000 toddlers are said to be working on the land for a daily wage of about 1s. There is no doubt that the administration is worried by the impression produced on foreigners by the swarm of child beggars now to be seen in every Spanish town and city. As one paper remarked recently, they make a bad impression on the tourists and on American occupation troops and technicians who are arriving to build aerodromes. One way of preventing the misery of Spain from being too sharply presented to foreigners is to arrest and gaol beggars with over-conspicuous eyesores. A huge figure is given for such arrests. But I doubt if the most energetic police measures will prevent some, at least, of the visitors from realising how terrible a disaster it was to Spain that the Republicans were defeated. They will see something of the disease and poverty even if they know nothing about the treatment of political prisoners and trade-unionists.

* * *

I am delighted to hear that the West Fulham Labour Party is to call its fine new headquarters "Harold Laski House." Laski was a member of this local party until his death, and served as a Fulham alderman. Now the party is commemorating his memory by these excellent premises, which have been specially converted from blitzed property, and provide a suite of offices, committee rooms and a large conference hall, together with four residential flats. The opening ceremony is to take place in the afternoon of Saturday, May 3. Two days before that, there is to be a special Laski Memorial Meeting, on Thursday, May 1, in the Conway Hall at 7.30. Jim Griffiths, M.P., Colonial Secretary in the last Government and a colleague of Harold Laski on the Party Executive, is to be the main speaker, under Lord Chorley's chairmanship, and among the others will be Howard K. Smith, the well-known American broadcaster, J. G. Wilson of the Bumpus bookshop, and the editor of this journal. P. N. Haksar, of India House, will be speaking in place of the High Commissioner, Krishna Menon, who has left for New Delhi. Many of Harold Laski's countless friends and admirers have expressed their wish to meet in memory of him. The opportunity will be taken to consider plans for the recently established Laski Society.

* * *

In Monday's *Times* a charming letter appeared from Tom Driberg saying that he had heard the cuckoo, much too early, on the morning of April 16. More to the point, my experience of this odd Spring is the behaviour of the nightingales, which were singing, much too late, on the same date. It quite upset my notion of nightingales to be kept awake by them in April. The first time that I remember hearing a regular chorus of nightingales was in France in the district of Etaples in the early summer of 1918, when I was working on an ambulance train. The next time was in 1930, on magical moonlit nights in Euboea. But in Greece nightingales had to compete with an almost deafening frogs' chorus. During the last twenty years I have only heard nightingales occasionally by going out on purpose to listen to them on some (very rare) hot June night. This year in Essex relay teams of them seem to be singing, with more passion and beauty than I've ever heard before, during most of the night in every spinney and hedgerow.

* * *

If this journal carried a feature entitled "This King Street," the current week's prize would surely go to my old friend Ivor Montagu, who in an open letter to the next American President in Wednesday's *Daily Worker*, writes "Your predecessor, Truman, has turned out a tyrant who will be remembered with Nero and Caligula."

CRITIC

EAU DE NIL

A sweeping campaign against corruption in the Egyptian Government coincides with Foreign Office Talks on the Sudan.—*News item.*

When London Talks began, concerning the Sudan,
  Which Royal Egypt claims as her domain,
A Cairo Proclamation decreed the operation
  Of Egypt's sweeping cleaning-up campaign.
The air around the Throne, the breeze from Suez blown
  Have lately smelt particularly vile,
    But Government pollution,
    By vigorous ablution,
  Will be cleansed in the waters of the Nile.

Corruption ruled the realm with Wafdists at the helm,
  When King Farouk assumed the Double Crown,
The Pashas' rash defiance endangered the Alliance
  And earned the sternest Foreign Office frown.
But purging the regime may win Whitehall's esteem
  And diplomatic conflicts reconcile
    By decontamination
    Of the whole Administration,
  Washed in the waters of the Nile.

State Heads and personnel who have the slightest smell
  Must now submit to rules of State hygiene;
Cairo spares no exertion in ordering immersion
  To speed the task of keeping Egypt clean.
The anti-British Wafd is now accused of graft,
  The Pasha's separated from his pile,
    And Premier Hilaly
    Sweeps out the Nile Valley,
  Bathed in the waters of the Nile.

Despondency and gloom are noticed in Khartoum,
  A deal is feared at Sudanese expense—
Will Britain grant concession, put Cairo in possession
  For Egypt's share in Middle East Defence?
Will mutual give and take the Sudan deadlock break,
  If Egypt governs in the British style?
    The worst may be expected
    Once Cairo's disinfected—
  Sprayed by the waters of the Nile.

With Departmental grime dipped in primordial slime,
  And rinsed off in the purifying purge,
Convicted Pashas shiver as they flounder in the river,
  And Nile-green Incorruptibles emerge.
Now London envoys meet—the clean-up in complete
  (At Giza the Great Sphinx is seen to smile)
    The need for a detergent
    Admittedly was urgent,
  But what can wash the waters of the Nile?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Alderman H. Courlander said the statue was a very fine piece of work, although it was not his idea of a beautiful woman. He felt the statue might be placed in the pond, providing the water was kept at a reasonable level.—*Richmond and Twickenham Times.* (H. M. Butlin.)

An entirely new development is the taking over of the care of their own infants by young mothers of the aristocratic and cultivated sorts who have never before in history actually nursed their babies, though they have been expert and successful in the raising and training of animals.—*The Lady.* (Freida Brookes.)

Gateshead Moral Welfare Association wishes it to be made known that the whist drives which are held on the last Tuesday in each month at St. Faith's, the home for unmarried mothers in Grasmere Street, Coatsworth Road, are for ladies only.—*Gateshead Post.* (Leslie Kerr.)

The Commissioners of Customs and Excise have reviewed the liability to Purchase Tax of false beards and moustaches.—*Board of Trade Journal.* (E. G. Thompson.)

Stafford

STAFFORD CRIPPS died secure in the affection of his fellow-countrymen, so many of whom had feared, mistrusted and derided him at different times during his life. It was as if the long, hopeless struggle with death had somehow made sense of the quirks and oddities which had earlier fenced off his personal life from all but his intimate friends. He came alive to the man in the street on his death-bed, where the intensity of his suffering and his unyielding courage both dramatised and humanised the asceticism and flinty incorruptibility which had so often been taken for an unbecoming arrogance.

Stafford's life and ways stemmed from his religious faith. In the twentieth century, intimacy with the Unseen is apt to mark a man, not as a witch, but at least as an uncomfortable companion. Yet this intimacy is the accurate description of his faith. He was a simple, devout, unsectarian Christian, who, with a somewhat inconsequent disregard for the profundities of theological concept, regarded his God as a personal friend. Stafford knew that he had talents above his fellows and certainly regarded himself as some sort of chosen vessel. It was his duty to guide less fortunate people to a similar appreciation of the divine purpose. He couldn't suffer fools gladly; but he knew he had to suffer them dutifully. This was perhaps the essence of that remoteness which was apt to repel his colleagues.

It is also the clue to his relative failure as a politician. He was for two short periods in his career a national leader; and it might have been that in different circumstances he could have risen to the very top as a "crisis" Prime Minister. But he never understood political parties and he never fully appreciated that the approach required by Parliament is different from that required by a Chancery judge. The great political leader requires not only the courage, ability and integrity of the statesman; he must also understand intuitively the emotions, prejudices and ambitions of fools and rascals. Paradoxically, he must contain in himself something of the rascal and something of the fool. Those were two qualities altogether outside Stafford's range. His relations with the Labour Party were never very easy, partly because, in contrast, for instance, to Mr. Attlee, he never considered them of major importance. His political objectives were set out in the Sermon on the Mount; and his party was chosen, with cool appraisal, as the instrument most likely to be of service in achieving them.

He had little of the emotional regard for the Labour Movement as an inspiration, a source of comradeship and an end in itself, which has meant so much to so many British Socialists. The inspiration and the end lay for him outside politics, and the comradeship eluded him. In the months since his retirement, before he was certain of his imminent death, he spent most of his time rethinking the objects of his life; and it is likely that, had he recovered his health, he would have left politics and devoted himself to furthering his ideals by direct religious action. That would have been in keeping with his past. He entered politics suddenly, almost capriciously, impatient with the frustration and slowness of the World Alliance for promoting international friendship through the churches, which had previously been the vehicle of his public expression. He might have left political life just as suddenly, sick of the tawdriness of the politicians' craft and deriving no satisfaction from their art.

This impatience, the impatience of a man who required no more than conclusive argument as the impetus for action, probably explains some of the vagaries of his political misjudgment, above all the fiasco of the Socialist League. Christianity had driven him to embrace a kind of socialism. The Labour Party was fumbling and uncertain of its aims. Therefore the Party must be changed—and quickly—to fit the blueprint. It was the technocrat's approach and that was his way throughout. But it is an approach to British politics which is beset by dangers and suspicions. It was only when Stafford stood on the mountain of his achievement as Chancellor of the Exchequer that he was able—apart from the fleeting moment of his return from Moscow in 1942—to stand above the doubts and jealousies of his colleagues and show something of his real command.

For all the exceptional stress and difficulty of his public life, and in spite of 30 years of ill-health, Stafford was a happy, even a gay man. He found complete spiritual ease in his religion and unusually deep satisfaction in the company of his devoted and happy family. His intimate friends were few, but they were admitted to a remarkable degree of intimacy. None the less, he was conscious of his inability to establish easy relations with his workaday associates. He always responded startlingly to anybody who showed him the flicker of private friendship; and on more than one occasion unscrupulous men imposed on his desire for affection. He wanted to be understood, and would have enjoyed the warmth of the popular approbation which was denied him till so near the end. It is a curious and illuminating sidelight on his character that he was keenly disappointed when he handed over, for the last time, his seals of office, that King George VI took leave of him in what Stafford regarded as a perfunctory manner. He scorned high honour; but he longed for the King to say a warm "Well Done."

Stafford's material achievement cannot yet be evaluated. That history will judge it to have been remarkable seems certain. With Ernest Bevin, he was one of the twin buttresses of the Labour Government. He inspired and largely directed the post-war economic recovery of Britain; more than anybody else he was responsible for the economic success of the Marshall Plan and for the degree of European integration which followed the establishment of O.E.E.C.; he left an indelible mark on the world by the part he played in shaping Labour's policy towards India and the Colonies. But when all the formal obituaries have paid their tributes to his public work and to his almost unparalleled record of four-fold personal success as scientist, industrialist, jurist and statesman, he will be remembered best by those who knew him as a brave and just man, a dear and generous friend. He died knowing that at long last the public as a whole had begun to know him for what he was.

JOHN FREEMAN

Realpolitik

THE Labour Party, in issuing its new "Discussion Pamphlet" on *Problems of Foreign Policy*, has invited comment from all individual members and affiliated organisations. Here, as a start, are some of an old Socialist's first thoughts.

It is implied throughout the pamphlet, and openly stated more than once, that close unity with the United States *must* be the basis of any practicable Labour Policy. "The question for any British Government is not whether to work with the United States, but how to work with her most effectively." The U.S. "is also the closest to Britain in political outlook and cultural tradition"—except the Commonwealth and Scandinavia. Does the second of these statements mean that the difference between British Labour-Socialism and American New Deal Capitalism is unimportant? Does the first statement mean that British Labour has to work with the U.S.A. *whatever American policy is or may become?*

It is assumed throughout the pamphlet that the Atlantic Treaty Powers must go on arming until they are manifestly stronger than the Soviet bloc. "Thus, providing the non-Stalinist world makes itself stronger than the Soviet Union and her satellites, at all points where they might be tempted to expand, the Cold War need never develop into a hot war." Is the Soviet Union expected to acquiesce in being outpowered in every part of the world? And how long and vast an arms-race, how many "colonial wars," and what sorts of allies (*e.g.*, Japan and Spain) shall we have to accept in order to establish such a superiority? Again, when and if it is established, will it be used merely to hold off Soviet aggression, or to attempt to dictate terms? If the latter, must we concur?

The existence of powerful Communist movements in Italy and other Western countries is entirely ignored in the pamphlet. "In practice, the only areas over which negotiation is still possible are those where the issue has not been finally decided. In Europe only Germany and Austria fit into this category." Has the issue, then, been "finally decided" in Italy—or even in France? "In Asia," the pamphlet agrees, "it is more difficult to draw the line." But it is implied that the Middle East must be drawn into the system of Atlantic Defence, even at the cost of supporting corrupt oligarchies against their peoples, and that it should be an object of policy to draw the U.S. into defence commitments in the Middle East. It seems also to be implied, though it is not clearly stated, that we must back up the French in Indo-China because "a Chinese victory in Indo-China would leave the road wide open for further aggression in areas of great concern to Great Britain, like Burma and Malaya." Does this mean that because Malaya earns dollars for us, British Socialists ought to keep tight hold of it, whatever its inhabitants may want?

The pamphlet says that "it is unrealistic to believe that any steps can now be taken to prevent Germany from becoming once again a Great Power in its own right," and that "the only question still relevant is how to ensure that a powerful Germany works with the West rather than with Russia or for selfish national aggrandisement." Have we really now reached the position of accepting *unlimited* German rearmament? The pamphlet actually says that Germany's "first interest is to recover national unity, which means for all Germans not only unity with the present Soviet Zone but also recovery of the Eastern provinces lost to Poland and Russia in the Second World War." Does the Labour Party really mean to support a war of Germany against the Soviet Union—without which the recovery of the Eastern provinces is plainly out of the question, unless indeed the West is to use its armed superiority to enforce total surrender on the Soviet Union? Can the authors really mean this?

"The Labour Government," we are told, "worked steadily to develop international co-operation between groups of States which could recognise a common purpose. By doing so, Britain helped to fill the dangerous power vacuum between Russia and America." Does one really fill a "power vacuum" between two Powers by joining one of them against the other?

"Britain's foreign policy," we are told, "will never be stable until her commitments abroad are matched by her physical strength to sustain them." Agreed; but is not this a cogent reason for cutting down the commitments? The pamphlet agrees that "beyond a certain point Britain's military strength can only be increased at the expense of her economic strength—and vice versa." But where is that point? The entire argument of the pamphlet involves commitments to build up overmastering strength in every part of the world. What will become of our economic strength if we continue to pursue such a policy?

The pamphlet appears to foreshadow a permanent impossibility of coming to terms with the Soviet Union—except on the basis of a strength overwhelming enough to enforce surrender. It says that "disarmament proposals should form an essential part of the Western Powers' approach to the Russians when the time comes." But it goes on to say that "it remains extremely doubtful whether Russia would *ever* permit the inspection of her territory on which *any* disarmament plan must depend." What can this mean, except permanent full armament, or war—short of a Soviet surrender.

"It was a cardinal principle of British policy as laid down by the Labour Government that Britain should as far as possible avoid permanent commitments in Europe unless America was also prepared to accept them." Was that why the Labour Government barely lifted a hand to help the European Socialists to win and hold power after 1945, especially in Western Germany? Does it mean that, ever since 1945, Labour policy has been to keep closer to the U.S. than to European Socialism? I think it does.

"N.A.T.O. would benefit enormously from receiving a German defence contribution." N.A.T.O. perhaps; but would Great Britain or the world benefit if Germany were to use its renewed strength to attack either the Soviet Zone or the lost Eastern provinces?

The pamphlet ends with an argument against "fixing rigid programmes in foreign policy." It ends by saying that "if the fundamental principles with which a government approaches world affairs are sound and moral, it is better to decide how to apply them when the time comes in the light of the knowledge then available." Quite; but are the principles enunciated in the pamphlet sound? And what are they? The only principle I can find stated is that we ought to "move beyond crude power politics to an international order in which the use of economic or military power is governed by the rule of law." Whose law? That of a United Nations organisation in which the Soviet Union is permanently outvoted, and to which China is refused admission, while Chiang Kai-shek is represented in China's place? Or does the contemplated "international order" mean the preservation by force of the *status quo* in all countries now under non-Soviet control?

The idea that there is any essential difference between Socialism and capitalism makes no appearance at all in the pamphlet from end to end. It is evidently regarded as having nothing to do with foreign policy. We are indeed told that the Labour Government between 1945 and 1951 "laid solid foundations for the development of a peaceful and prosperous world society." We are not told what these foundations were. Presumably, from what is said later, they were mainly getting the Americans committed to intervention in Europe and building up the strength of N.A.T.O. against the Soviet part of the world. But has this policy laid "solid foundations" for peace and prosperity?

In these remarks, I have been dealing only with the parts of the Labour Party's pamphlet with which I disagree. Naturally, there is much in it with which I do agree; but the points of agreement are particular, whereas the disagreement is fundamental. If we are to have any hope of a "peaceful and prosperous world society," we must look forward to coming to terms with the Soviet Union and not to either fighting it, unless we absolutely must, or dictating to it from a manifest superiority or force—which, if it comes, will belong to the Americans and not to us. That the Soviet Union expects Communism to conquer the whole world I do not dispute; so did Protestants once expect the Reformation to prevail throughout Christendom. That the rulers of the Soviet Union intend to conquer the world by sheer armed force I do not believe. I think they genuinely desire peace, and are not such fools as to think the best way to it is through endless armament. The peace they would like best is not a peace they are likely to get; but surely our business should be to discover how far they are prepared to go towards compromise, and not to say categorically that they are *never* likely to agree to anything we can accept. And surely our business, as Socialists, is to keep our minds clear of the kind of *realpolitik* that treats Socialism, and any other ideology, as irrelevant in foreign affairs. We must not forget that, whatever we may think of Stalin, the world appeal of Communism is an appeal which stirs the oppressed against their oppressors, and that if we go a-crusading against it in the spirit of *realpolitik* we shall find ourselves, over a large part of the world, backing the oppressors against the oppressed.

G. D. H. COLE

Italian Impressions

I. POLITICS AND POVERTY

COMPARED with France, Italy seems a poorer but happier country, less tormented, more tolerant, and with fewer deep mutual hatreds. The Extreme Left has rationally accepted it as an inevitable historical fact that there should, for many years to come, be a large clerical Right and Centre in Italy. Similarly, many Demo-Christians (though *not* the Extreme Right) find it natural that there should be a very large Communist and Socialist Extreme Left; and, at least for the present—things may change soon—there is, below the surface of a genuine class struggle, a kind of *modus vivendi* between the two main political forces. The feeling that "we are all Italians"—Communists included—is a deep-seated one; at any rate, one of the aims of the De Gasperi regime has been to encourage this idea.

As an example of the *historical* understanding so many people in Italy try to exercise in relation to their political opponents, I can do no better than mention the long talk I had with Signor Saragat, one of the leaders of Italian Social-Democracy. The Social-Democrats here have barely two million votes, as against the Demo-Christians' 12 million (in 1948), and the 4½ million each received by the Communists and the Nenni Socialists. I asked Saragat (*a*) why Social-Democracy was so weak in Italy, as compared with the Extreme Left; and (*b*) whether he considered the Nenni Socialists scarcely distinguishable from the Communists. With some irritation he replied that these were two of the ridiculous questions always asked by foreigners.

> The social and economic structure of Italy was such, he said, that it was historically inevitable that Socialism should be "maximalist" and extremist; it was no use talking of Social-Democracy in the British sense to millions of unemployed, landless peasants and slum-dwellers, who could think of change not so much in terms of social reforms as in terms of revolution and barricades.
>
> This did not mean at all that a man like Nenni was in the pocket of the Communists, even though he considered it tactically and psychologically correct to do nothing to weaken working-class solidarity. The rank-and-file Italian Socialist, whether he fully approved of the close association with the Communists or not, was going to be on the extreme Left, whatever happened, and therefore with Nenni—other alternatives like the "Titoite" Cucchi-Magnani movement having proved a complete washout.
>
> As for Social-Democracy, in the main, it was only in "Central-European" Northern Italy, with its relatively high standard of living and greater political culture that the Social-Democrats had any chance of licking the Communists.

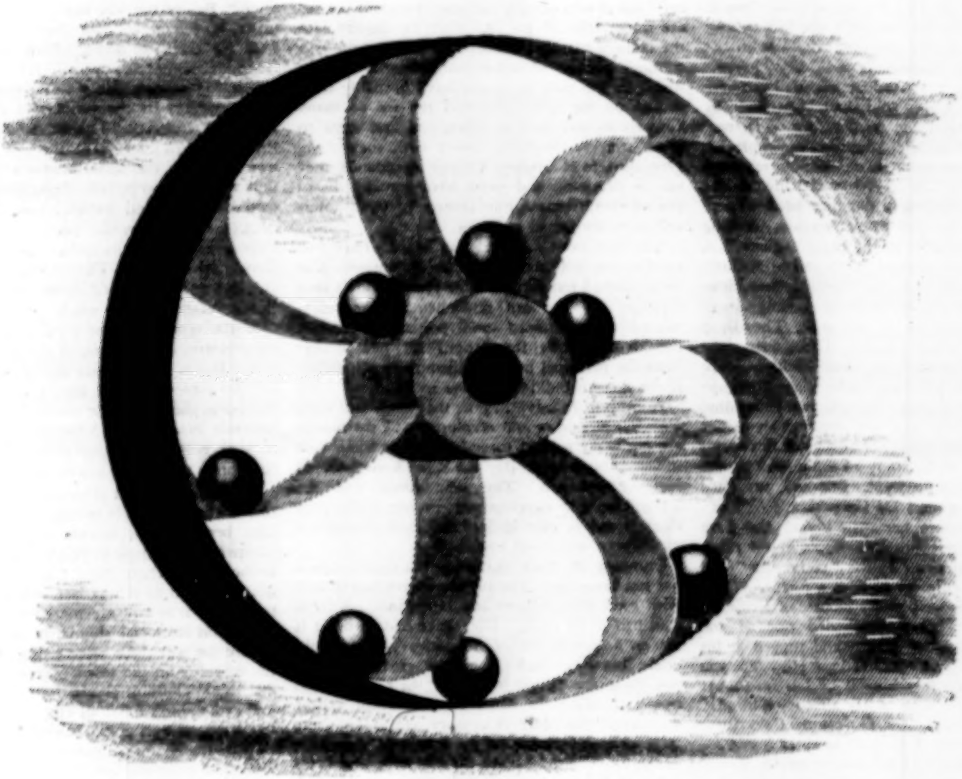
To expect more, Saragat said, with an air of discouragement, was politically illiterate. "You're not in England, damn it, but in one of the poorest countries in Europe!"

Poverty—yes, there is far greater poverty here than in England or in France. And one does not have to go outside Rome to see it. In the matter of housing Rome is slightly better off than Naples, but worse off than many other Italian cities. Its relative immunity from bombing brought here hundreds of thousands of refugees during the war; the glamour of the capital brought here many others from the South in search of work; and if, before the war, Rome had 1,200,000 inhabitants, it has now 1,600,000. Even throwing in museums, palaces, Government offices and everything, there is only one room in Rome to two persons, which, in reality means that, in most houses, far more than two people live in one room. Lots of luxury flats have been built but very few new houses for people of humble means. So some live in caves, or in the arches of Roman aqueducts, and others live in the *borgate*—a very special kind of suburb of Rome. About one-tenth of the population of Rome live in these *borgate*.

The real miracle, to me, was that people living in such conditions should have preserved their human dignity, even their humour, and that some of the women should even be house-proud! One Sunday night I went to three of them, on the southern outskirts of Rome. One of them was just off the Appian Highway, on a strip of municipal ground jutting into the untouchable vegetable fields belonging to some prince. The houses were mostly shacks built during the war to house bombed-out people; but this was still a relatively prosperous *borgata*—and beautifully situated, too, with the blue silhouette of the Appenines in the East, and the tombs and cypresses of the old Via Latina across the ravine, and just beyond the *principe's* lettuces. They lived here, three, four, five in a tiny stone hovel, with a square yard of "garden" in front of it, and some had "improved" the hovels, and were even willing to sell them for half a million lire! There was electric light here, and five pumps! The sanitation was highly primitive, and stank in summer, but it wasn't so bad now. The five pumps were certainly a blessing, and the Socialists had worked hard through their town councillors to get them fixed; and now, one woman indignantly declared, the local priest was claiming the credit for them!

A different story was told in the next *borgata*, set up "by private initiative" alongside the ruins of an old Roman aqueduct. The people here were, strictly speaking, squatters. They just came here, one after another, unemployed from the South, or simply poor people from Rome who couldn't pay high rents, or even some with a tiny capital with which to buy a few bricks and tiles (others simply stole the bricks); and here they built a village of sorts—with only one pump for the whole of it, and no lighting of any kind, except candles or oil lamps; and yet these self-made homes were clean inside, and a small Roman employee, who had five children, and had built the house with his own hands, asked me into his bare, but clean little house with the leaking roof, and insisted on treating me to a glass of wine. And there were flowers on the table. He was almost happy here; but the fact remained that he, like the others in the *borgata*, were

Perpetuum mobile



FROM THE VAIN SEARCH for a machine that would continually rewind itself emerged the most important of all generalizations of physical science—the principle of the conservation of energy. With the development of the diesel engine science has come close to an approximation of this principle. And today the diesel engine is being applied to the services for mankind to which the search for perpetual motion was dedicated—the raising of water, the fertilising of deserts, the grinding of corn.

BRUSH ABOE is a group of companies concerned mainly with the production of diesel engines—from the small 3 h.p. engines, more than 20,000 of which are working in India, to powerful 3,000 h.p. engines for heavy diesel-electric generating plants. In 1951 over 70% of the production of THE BRUSH ABOE GROUP was exported—to make the earth more fruitful by irrigation, to bring light and power to the under-developed areas of the East, to modernise locomotion everywhere.

Every day and every hour the diesel engines exported by BRUSH ABOE are somewhere in the world improving living conditions — thus ensuring a "perpetual motion" of service to mankind.

EXPORTING POWER THAT THE WORLD MAY BE FREE

THE
BRUSH ABOE
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Diesel engines and electric equipment for use on land and sea produced by THE BRUSH ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING CO. LTD. *and* ASSOCIATED BRITISH OIL ENGINES:
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squatters, and a law suit had been started against the whole village by a building society that owned the land, and which wished to build bourgeois flats here, at 40,000 lire a month. The *borgata* people had each offered to pay 3,000 lire per hovel in ground rent, but the Rich People wouldn't hear of it, and if they lost the suit, only the Police, they said, could evict them—and they would fight. . . .

But the real nightmare was the *borgata* Gordiana, where I arrived at nightfall. These rows of hovels, I was told, had been built by Mussolini, to "clear the paupers out of Rome," and most of the people here were unemployed, large families with six or seven children expected to live on a daily dole of 700 or 800 lire for the lot, or about a shilling a day per head. There was one latrine for the whole *borgata*, standing there like a monument in the main "square." A down-at-heel unemployed man with a little moustache took me into his house. It was clean inside, and there was no smell of cooking—there was nothing to cook, or to cook with. They lived on bread and a few vegetables. There were eight of them in the room—four small children were already asleep in the large bed. Then a strange figure appeared—a tall woman with aquiline features, tidy white hair and wearing an incongruously smart fur jacket. She had lost three sons in the war, out of a family of eight, and as she mentioned them, she wept. But she was hard and bitter; she cursed De Gasperi.

She took me into her own house, and here three of her grandchildren were, as in the other house, already sleeping in the "communal" bed in the one and only room, with a picture of the Madonna on one wall, and a picture of Lenin on the other. She harshly wakened one of the children, a pretty boy of six, and tugged at his bare little feet, and screamed: "How do you expect him to go to school if he has no shoes! And it's the same with nearly all our children!" "T.B.—" she cried, "the Government say there are only 3 per cent. T.B. cases in these *borgate*—I tell you, there's 40 per cent. at least! Everybody's rotten with disease here, I tell you!" And we then walked across the street to another ill-lit hovel, an empty room with a table and a few chairs, and large pictures of Marx and Nenni on the wall, and a little picture of Lenin and Stalin. And here a lot of villagers gathered, and they talked of the hospital which was four miles away, and the one and only doctor to the 13,000 people who lived round here; and if you had a job and were insured, he came for nothing; but if you were unemployed you had to pay him 600 lire for a visit, and what unemployed man could afford that—so it was simpler just to die. And the priest—he had plenty of things from America, but he wouldn't give a child a pair of shoes if the parents weren't churchgoers, or if he thought they were Communists or Socialists! And what prospect was there for anybody? The young boys learned no jobs—if they couldn't earn anything, they stole, and some of the girls and women—with their fathers' and their husbands' consent—went to Rome to make money as prostitutes. One could hardly blame them. And if there were so many children, what else was there to do in a damned place like this, without cinemas or anything? The Socialist "headquarters"—for this was what it was—was the only "social centre" that gave them pep talks and a little self-respect, and the Socialists and Communists were "the only friends of the poor"; and it was only during election time that grand ladies came here in cars, distributing food parcels. . . .

It's clear: poverty breeds Communism and extremism. Only it would be unfair to deal with that side of Italy only.

Rome, April. ALEXANDER WERTH

The Rhondda: 1952

YOU will not find a pawnbroker's shop in the Rhondda Valleys to-day. They say that the "new age" has driven out the last one. You will not see the miner take off his cap when he clatters into the colliery manager's office: he keeps it on as a tranquil gesture of equal status—an action for which in the past he would have probably been sacked on the spot. You will not see so many Chapels as you used to when you first came to these straggly climbing streets with their drab, grey clusters of houses. Chapel attendance, they say, is dropping and some have actually disappeared—transformed into centres of other kinds and even into small factories.

You may even miss old slag heaps. They had grown, you will recall, to such dimensions that some seemed indistinguishable from nature's own creation. A few are now being scientifically treated and flattened—and perhaps eventually they will provide foundations for new houses since the principal housing dilemma in the valleys it not *how* to build but *where* to build.

And up in Mardy . . . how that name still rings with music, poetry and revolution . . . the houses are not being sold at three for £40, as some were in the 'Thirties. To-day the same houses would fetch £800 each. The new roads and the £4 million pit development project which the Coal Board is putting in hand have brought a gleam into many old eyes.

Pumping life back into these blackened valleys has not been easy. The planners have had to deal with more than finance and blueprints. A fresh soul had to be built. They have had to build it up on a foundation of memories which would come bursting back from the past. For are not these the people who saw their population rise a hundredfold while once-beautiful valleys were raped for coal? A century ago to-day there were only 951 people in the Rhondda scratching at the crust of the "black diamonds": fifty years later, as Britain prospered, it was up to 113,735. And are these not the people who, later, saw 55,000 of their sons and daughters driven from their homes by a poverty which some economists called by the fancy name—"the fluctuations of the price level"?

Yet prosperity—in the relative sense of course—has crept on the valleys almost unnoticed: it has grown like the moss over the slag heaps until the young ones casually accept it as if it had always been there and the older ones—still the majority—regard it all with a certain ironical scepticism. They are the legatees of desolation. There used to be a sombre lift of eyes at any mention of Whitehall's name. It carried with it a certain cold message in the days when every twitch and turn of a Ministerial muscle would react upon these villages. They were black days and on the political platforms they now serve to illustrate precious points. But to Rhondda this was life.

What of to-day? If you go to the Rhondda in search of fear, doubt, a morbid preoccupation with ghosts of the 'Thirties, and bring with you the current skeleton in the Whitehall cupboard you will in fact be quite out of step. Of course the miners I spoke to at the big Lewis Merthyr pit wonder what the Tories will do, and Tonypandy still shows you, with that harsh bitter pride, the scars of 1911—and the equally tangible scars of the 'Thirties. But now there is a present as well as a past. Life is different to-day. Its prosperity is not abounding. It still looks like the Rhondda and quite unlike Park Lane. Yet without the valleys, Park Lane and Mayfair would die. The difference is that to-day Park Lane and Mayfair know it as well as the Rhondda.

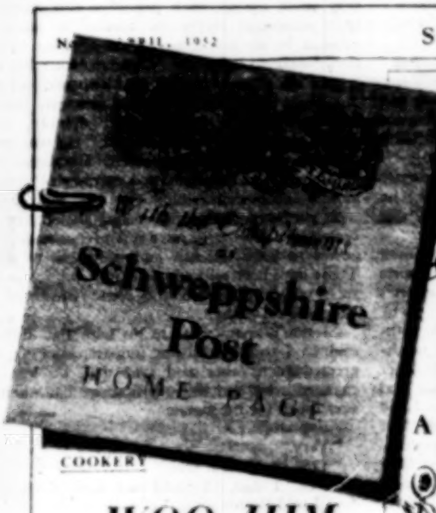
They all point to the children, the obvious criterion of progress. It is a fact, as the clerk of the Rhondda U.D.C. told me, that there has been a 50 per cent. decline in the demand for school meals since the war because of better feeding at home. Before the war most of the children had meals in school because there was hardly any food for them at home. Now the pride of a Rhondda home has taken over from poverty. When 55,000 men and women were driven out of the valleys by the process of ruthless selection—no work—the Labour Exchanges of the Rhondda were the centres of social contact. They were virtually the social contract. It was there they would gather to talk; there the ideas of revolt would simmer and bubble; and there that the hunger marches really began. Now the four Labour Exchanges are rather like museum pieces from a wicked age. That is not to say that unemployment is cleared from the Rhondda, or South Wales. The whole of Wales has, in fact, the second largest pool of unemployed in the country, 3.1 per cent. of the working population. But it is not quite the same thing as the 175,000 jobless men of the 'Thirties. If, in the Rhondda, there are now about 2,500 out of work, between 1931 and 1935 the average number out of work in the valleys was over 16,000, with many thousands more only partly employed.

But it is true that Rhondda, no less than the rest of the country, is feeling the pinch of prices, now beginning to whittle away their slice of prosperity. Business in Pontypridd, which nestles in the hollow where three valleys converge, is not quite as good as it was last year or the year before. But it is still a remarkable testimony to a revolution in social standards and social tastes. Before the war there were only two or three furniture stores in the town. Now there are about 20. New clothing shops, food stores, electrical and radio shops have all elbowed their way into the cramped hub of the town, and shop-space is now virtually unobtainable where, in 1937, you could get it for the asking and be welcomed with the open arms of the local Chamber of Commerce. Glass and chrome bars have come to the valleys' market town and over rough, cobbled streets run high-heeled shoes, nylons and West End drapes. It is a far cry from 1933. . . .

When we sat in the colliery manager's room at the famous Naval pit and discussed the changed times—the lodge chairman and secretary, a collier, a Coal Board official and the manager, chatting away like old colleagues—this seemed in itself proof of the long road from Tonypandy. Of course they grumbled . . . lower-paid surface men finding it hard to make ends meet ("we should get a bigger and fairer share in this coal boom," they argue with justice); the prices; the inequalities which still exist; the half-cynical attitude towards the publicity the miners are now getting. But the same voices agreed that rising social standards had increased their demands. How I remember the family rows about pithead baths—when father said "yes" and mother echoed "no." Then it was the women who often helped the coal-owners to salve their brooding consciences by arguing against pithead baths. It might keep the men from home, they thought shrewdly. It might tempt them to stop off at the pub, or the Institute—particularly on pay night. Came the social revolution . . . and now the women are in the van of the campaign for pithead baths while the Coal Board still stalls with a hundred high-sounding excuses. The pride of better furnished homes, a new carpet, the emancipation of the women, once tired drudges . . . it has all helped to straighten things out.

But you must not think that the job is even

N… APRIL, 1952 **Schweppshire Post** p.6

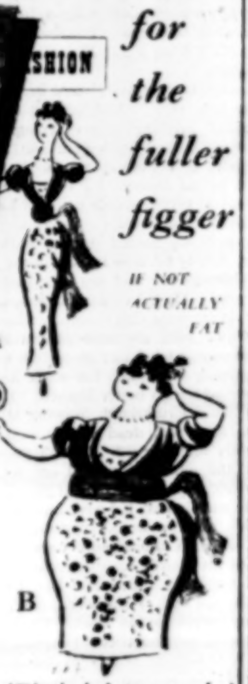


COOKERY

WOO HIM
WITH
NATURAL FOODS

Have you tried raw cod sandwiches garnished with a bouquet of shredded turnip?

Serve on a bed of toasted red cabbage if you want his eyes to light up.



for the fuller figger

IF NOT ACTUALLY FAT

For **(B)** *the belt is extended*

TEEN-AGE TONIC

Let me be your Uncle

A SPLIT-SECOND SERMON BY DR. PRESCHWEPT

From the thousands of letters you have written let me pick one. A simple question. "Why must I relax?" Relaxing is being. Is knowing. Is living. Let the impetus *of relaxation come from within out, never from without in. Muscle by muscle. Arms—and remember the bones. LET YOUR TEETH RELAX.*

'POST' BAG

AN OLD BULB

We have in our home a 1900 electric bulb still working. On it is a picture of the Archduke Otto wearing a sailor suit. Would not gayer, painted bulbs help to brighten our drab world of queues and form-filling?

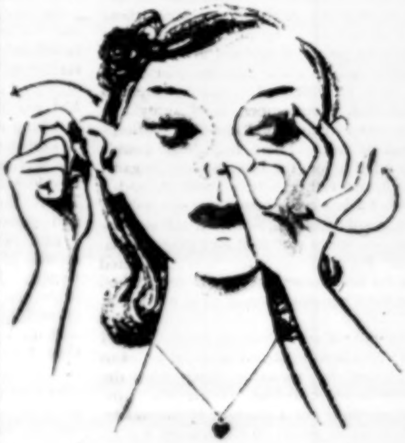
(Miss) Evadne Schweppersfield

WORTH FOURPENCE

I have just come by a copy of Pilgrim's Progress marked with the date 1883. The price seems to have been 4d. *What is its value now?*

(Address not supplied)

NEW *Beauté* FOR OLD



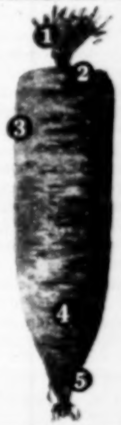
Schweppes Appeal

THROUGH SIMPLE EXERCISES

For nose and ears, this is POST'S Bi-manual: With right hand rotate nose anti-clockwise; with left pull out each ear in rhythmic countermotion, allowing it to spring back as *nose reaches upwards position,* so that the two blood supplies may interact.

GARDEN HINTS

'Marquess of Schwepstow'



For those of us who are carrot-minded, E. WILT, *Post's* carrot expert, reminds us of points to look for.

Note, in "Marquess", the high shouldering, absence of "waist", and abrupt taper.

1. Top or "pennant"
2. Shoulder
3. Underwing
4. Waist
5. Tip or "low-point"

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH half-finished. The surface has been scratched and we have found a healthy race of humans. Now they must build, without fear. But, as Edwin Evans said, while we sat in the canteen at the Lewis Merthyr pit, "The Tories, what do you think they will do? Anxious? Yes, I suppose it's in the stomach, it lies deep, you know." For what politicians have done can be undone

Pontypridd. Geoffrey Goodman

The Realist

Bronnington-Selby belongs to the overworld. When I knew him first, fifteen years ago, he was already showing brilliance as a designer of aircraft, and he was one of those rare men whose career is a steady, rapid upward progress. But as a young man his work had not absorbed him so completely that he could take no part or interest in other activities. He was involved in politics and had, I remember, been angry and outraged at the cynicism of "non-intervention" in the Spanish war. There had been trouble when he decided to join the International Brigade, because he made rather a fuss about it, and a reporter on a Conservative newspaper got hold of his mother, a silly woman, who told the journalist that her son was a victim of Red propaganda. In the end Bronnington-Selby was prevented from going by his mother's tears and reproaches, but he had been genuinely ashamed of staying at home.

After that he took an interest in education, and came to the conclusion that every social problem could be solved by spending about half the national revenue on schooling. There was nothing original in that, but I thought Bronnington-Selby's ideas were good: for instance, by no means content with such foolish, mechanical, or blanket notions as "secondary education for all," he wanted to see established a new kind of secondary school, in which manual trade training in agriculture, engineering, and other kinds of work would be given equal status with the humanities. He had in mind the creation of a population of workers who would serve their trades with a conscious purpose, and not merely to stave off starvation. He was not in the least put out by the fact that this would entail a major social revolution, for he used to say, with exciting rage and hatred, that the present system "stank." "It's dirty, cruel and inefficient, and it wastes our best asset—men."

I liked Bronnington-Selby very much and was warmed by his ideas and his eloquence. I recall being put out and even depressed when my feeling for him was not shared by my wife, a shrewd judge of people, nor by a man who, at that time, had much influence on me. I was at that time a member of the Communist Party, and this man was the Branch Secretary, Gus Lepper by name, a pattern maker. He was a short, burly, blue-eyed, hard-jawed young man, a learned Marxist, but above all a determined and didactic leader of men, dominating the large factory where he worked, giving all his leisure and energy to fighting for his cause. He was, no doubt, ambitious and self-regarding, but in those days he seemed to me disinterestedly devoted, almost a noble figure.

Sometimes Branch meetings were held in our flat, because it was large, and on one such occasion Bronnington-Selby, although not a member, was there. He talked more than anyone else, warmly and with strong feeling. Guy Lepper listened to him with the peculiarly Communist expression of slightly contemptuous tolerance, like that of the Saved in the presence of the Damned. He was quite polite, with the characteristic politeness of the Marxist, whereby the address "Comrade," for example, becomes heavy with a grave and stately formalism, like the "Brother" of the Friends. But he was not impressed. After the meeting Lepper remained behind, for we had some propaganda to prepare, but before we set to work I said: "What a pity Bronnington-Selby isn't in the Party."

"No, it's not," Lepper said, "he'd be of no use to us in the long run." And he added, for he never conceded anything to my feelings, "like you. You won't last. I know your sort."

He was right, of course. Even at the time I was not hurt by his distrust, for I found all sorts of reservations in myself which justified Lepper's want of faith in middle-class comrades.

Bronnington-Selby turned up last week without warning, simply because he was in the neighbourhood, although we had not seen each other for fifteen years. He drove a handsome car and appeared at an embarrassing moment, when I had lost my temper with the new garden boy for botching the simple job I had given him to do.

This boy came and asked for work just after the first one had left to better himself. The new boy looked like a Cruikshank drawing of Oliver Twist, thin, drooping, dead white, melancholy, and apparently half starved. I don't know why I gave him the job. He turned out to be incapable of work until we discovered the cause and remedy. He was listless; if I gave him something to do and left him, he would sit down and stare at nothing, and his movements were slow and difficult. On the fourth or fifth occasion of this kind I lost my temper and told him he would have to go at the end of the week, for I cannot afford to pay wages for no work. Five minutes later he came to me and tried to explain that he was ill, but marred his words by bursting into tears and sobbing so that his whole wretched body shook. I was horrified. He mumbled and howled out something about his father beating him if he lost the job. I neither knew nor cared whether I was being fooled by a malingerer or not; nor whether this misery was brought upon the boy by his own feckless refusal to work or by incapacity to work. Whatever the cause, the outburst was too painful to witness, and I saved myself from that pain by reversing my decision at once.

Then we looked into his life, which we should have done in the first place. We found him to be the youngest son of elderly parents whose other children have long left home and rarely visit it, for which they cannot be blamed, since home is a small Nissen hut dumped on wet clay in a squalid huddle of such buildings beside an arterial road, without gas or electricity. The hut streams with damp. The boy's mother is crippled with arthritis and, at fifty-eight, can move only with difficulty, so that to leave her damp and frowsty bed to cook her son's breakfast calls for an act of courage she cannot always perform. The father is sixty-one, an ex-soldier of very limited abilities, whose work as a labourer in a builder's yard is too hard for him. He walks five miles to his work every morning, excepting when he can get a lift.

I daresay these people are not absolutely short of money: even at ruling prices they could probably afford to eat, and to clothe themselves, by affording nothing else. But as the boy's parents have no prospect even of moderate comfort in a small house or flat, no future but a decline from their past, they are listless, and manage badly. There is no question of planning, of hope: even the chance of a win in the football pool, the substitute we have given them for the rewards of the after-life which consoled their parents in their misery and want, does not encourage them. Such very small means, such primitive equipment as they command might be turned to adequate account by an ingenious person of some education, sustained by hope of improvement. But this couple are not resourceful, and it turned out that our boy's listlessness, want of interest, regular bilious headaches and general debility, were simply due to undernourishment. He was mentally as well as physically starved. His remarkable ignorance, and his mutilated manner of speech, almost incomprehensible, were not innate, and with very little help and encouragement, he revealed an active curiosity, a retentive memory, the power to learn quickly, and good will to work. There have been and will be lapses, and it was one such which produced the scene witnessed by Bronnington-Selby.

"I don't know what to do with that boy," I said, as I took the visitor indoors, after we had greeted each other and said that we had not changed a bit and thought how we had changed very much for the worse.

"Bad worker?"

"Very."

"You could sack him."

"Yes," I said, "I could sack him. Only . . ." And I told Bronnington-Selby about the boy. He nodded when I had finished, and began to speak, rather as if I were a Board Meeting. I had time to look at him and see that without becoming fat he had thickened, grown massive. The head, once quick and elegant, was burly, ponderous. But he was impressive. He said: "And then, you speak as if it were our fault. But what can we do?"

"We might build more flats and houses."

"My dear fellow, the rearmament programme is absorbing every man and every penny. Believe me, I know, I'm in it."

"I'm sure," I said, "only, there are hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, more or less like my boy. I wonder who will man the weapons you're making, and enjoy the security you're fighting for?"

"You know," he said, "as well as I do, that you can make soldiers out of anyone. My God, look at the half-starved dole rabble we had as raw material in 'thirty-nine!"

"Well," I said, "but who are you going to win your war for, then?"

"Oh come," he said, "This time we're sacrificing them now, to their own freedom and security to-morrow."

"And our own, of course."

"The labourer is worthy of his hire."

"Fair enough. In that case we might begin to make sure that the situation isn't repeated, by giving every child a first-class education of both hand and mind. There's not a tool that boy knows how to hold, let alone an idea. You used to believe . . ."

Bronnington-Selby smiled tenderly over the memory of the foolish youth he had once been, shaking his head a little, and sighing. "How easy it all seemed!" he said, and then, clutching his head with exasperation, "Education . . . education . . . education! The universal panacea! Have you passed forty still believing that more than ten per cent. can ever benefit from schooling?"

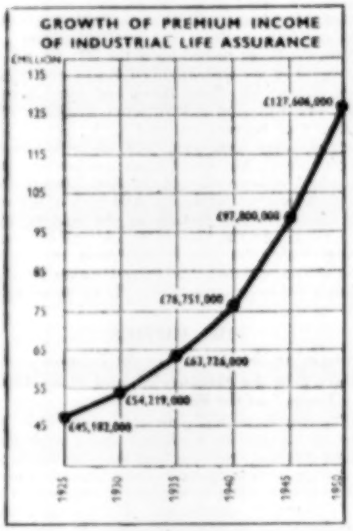
"So," I said, "You can't afford to feed them; you can't afford to house them; and you won't teach them . . ."

"Look," Bronnington-Selby said, "don't kick *me* to death. I'm just a poor, bloody, hard-working realist, looking facts in the face."

"Of course," I said, "Of course," quite frightened by the great authority of the man, the forty-guinea suit, the stout, active, firm body, the clear eyes and moist lips of radiant health, good

Ten million open doors

IT IS OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS since Edmund Halley, the astronomer, turned his attention from the stars to the study of population statistics. At about that time a similar problem on a modest scale was engaging the attention of some fishermen in Kent. They were concerned with the uncertainties of this mortal life because, being prudent men, they were anxious to make some provision for their families if their scanty earnings ceased through sickness or death. And so they joined together, as did many other similar local groups, to set up a common fund to which members made weekly contributions. These were collected (for the fishermen were sagacious men who knew the value of incentives) at the local inn.



As far as the 'Old Dredgers' of Faversham were concerned thrift was a wholly personal matter. Today, however, it has a wider, national significance. Careless spending lies heavily upon the conscience of the dutiful citizen. He knows that if he saves money, then, in some mysterious way, it is good for the country. In the long run, of course, it is also good for the dutiful citizen. Nevertheless, the fact has to be faced that for every score of us who would willingly travel a mile to spend a pound, there are only a few who would cross the road to save sixpence.

It is all the more surprising, therefore, to find that people do manage to save money—and, moreover, to save it consistently. Most of them—indeed, about four out of every five families in the country—do this by paying insurance premiums to agents who call regularly at their homes. This is a form of thrift that satisfies an urgent personal need. It offers immediate relief from anxieties with which the provident fishermen of Kent were very familiar. And it is a way, in many cases the only way, of giving men and women in this workaday world the confidence to make their own plans for a future in which, through endowment assurance, they and their children have a personal stake.

This service originated about a hundred years ago as a means of making life assurance available for folk of modest means. It has succeeded in revolutionising the thrift habits of the nation. The Victorian pioneers of industrial life assurance recognised that saving, even if it could never be made effortless, could at least be made easy. This they achieved by introducing a regular collecting service—and with it, the insurance agent. Today it is he who keeps alive the habit of thrift in ten million households whose doors are opened to him, week in and week out, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The savings of many millions of these families depend upon the personal service which he brings to their homes; and the nation depends upon it to the tune of over £40,000,000 net savings every year.

The agent's success as a missionary of thrift arises less from what is commonly understood by salesmanship than from the services which he offers his policyholders, whose confidence and goodwill are of supreme importance. The essence of his job is to take pains to understand other people's problems. This is exemplified by the care with which he arranges his routine of weekly 'calls'. He knows how very slender is the thread that holds intact the resolution to put by ready money for future needs. And so he adjusts his methods to suit his policyholders. Many, although by no means all of them, are weekly wage-earners. This means that the agent's timetable, which takes him, on an average, to several hundred homes between one pay-day and the next, must take into account local circumstances and customs and the personal convenience of the people from whom he collects premiums.

These premiums total, at the present rate, about £130,000,000 annually. Twenty years ago they amounted to less than half this figure. The consistent increase in the volume of premiums collected is a reflection of the agent's ability not only to initiate, but to help sustain the habit of thrift among his policyholders. But if he were no more than an efficient collector of premiums he would scarcely be regarded, as he is in so many homes, as a family friend and confidant. When claims arise his policyholders look for quick and sympathetic attention; and his counsel is sought upon a hundred-and-one problems, many of them only distantly related to insurance. Above all, he is the man who can provide assistance and advice on the spot.

Here, perhaps, is to be found one of the most important of all savings incentives. It springs from the recognition that thrift begins at home. It is here that motives, means and opportunities are examined in the light of domestic circumstances that vary widely between family and family. To these personal problems the voluntary thrift movement developed by the Industrial Life Offices brings a personal service that has become a factor of immense importance to the nation's economy.

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living, congenial work . . . "It's just," I said "that you don't seem to find the facts very ugly."

He shrugged. "You idealists!" he said. "Facts, my friend, are facts. Not ugly, not handsome. One looks at them."

I pondered whether I could fairly be called an idealist, looking out of the window at the garden boy, poking and prodding at a piece of digging in a depressed manner. It occurred to me that he, too, was a kind of fact, a thin and pale and insignificant one, no doubt, but a fact. I am not aware that Bronnington-Selby looked at him all the time he was with us. Edward Hyams

The Arts and Entertainment

POOR OLD VIC

When, last year, the Governors of the Old Vic, as a solution to the problems which confronted them, appointed Mr. Tyrone Guthrie as director, it seemed an astute stroke which silenced criticism. They did not then tell us, as we have been told since, that the appointment was for one year only; and at that time this limitation might have been thought to distract from the astuteness. But as it has turned out, this now seems to have been the astutest stroke of all. For Mr. Guthrie's term of office has by some ill-chance coincided with one of his longer "off-periods." He leaves the Old Vic (handing it over for one year to Mr. Hugh Hunt who will then be succeeded by Mr. Michael Benthall) worse than he found it: its prestige lower, its future less assured, the work of re-establishing its tradition still all to be done. We gratefully remember from his year the exciting experiment of *Tamburlaine the Great*, and Mr. Donald Wolfit's Lord Ogleby in *The Clandestine Marriage* was a masterpiece of comic acting. But it is not by flashes of brilliance that the Old Vic will be put back on its feet.

To a bad *Othello*, the dimmest of *Dreams* and a prosy *Lear*, Mr. Guthrie has now added a new play, *The Other Heart* by Mr. James Forsyth, a poetic drama chronicling the life of Villon. I call it a poetic drama rather in the sense in which one might call the clearing of a 2ft. bar by a lame adolescent High Jumping. The little we know about Villon's life leads us to suppose that his story might offer us intensity and excitement. The intensity would come from the poetry, the excitement from the eventfulness of his life. But Mr. Forsyth's poetic strings are relaxed beyond the point where they produce music, and his sense of the dramatic is such that he reduces a plethora of what are commonly regarded as the most sensational incidents—murder, flogging, imprisonment, rape, hanging—to one even tenour of relentless boredom. Mr. Alan Badel and Miss Irene Worth do their best to infuse some life into the main parts, but the task is beyond them.

Harsh and unkind words? Harsh certainly, and necessarily, for are we not concerned with the standards being set by our leading producer and our embryo national theatre? But let us examine a little more closely the question of unkindness. The experiment of encouraging new dramatists at theatres like the Old Vic, it might be argued, deserves applause not kicks. New plays are after all (I have often said this myself) the life blood of the theatre. Whatever we may feel about this play, putting it on is, at least, a step in the right direction of encouraging new talent. Oughtn't we therefore to be kind to its author and indulgent to its foster-father? Better glorious failure in giving new playwrights their chance than a timid discretion in leaving them unacted.

This is all very well. But the proposition needs some qualification. Should we, to revert to my earlier analogy, applaud an enthusiastic patron who insisted on entering our lame adolescent for the Olympic Games on the strength of his 2ft. jump? Would that be either wise or kind? Would it further either of its aims, whether of encouraging High Jumping in general, or heartening the handicapped youth? I am not prepared to say that the author of *The Other Heart* has no talent. But I have now seen three of his plays given a full-scale professional production, and on the strength of this I am prepared to say that his talent does not lie in the direction of poetic drama about the Middle Ages. And I don't consider it kind of Mr. Guthrie to encourage him in the belief that it does: I consider it irresponsible. The irresponsibility extends moreover beyond unkindness to a fledgling author. Patrons of the Old Vic and admirers of Mr. Guthrie are entitled to expect a certain standard. This play falls well below it. Far from encouraging audiences to be adventurous in the matter of new plays and of poetry in the theatre, it will teach them to be wary. Kindness I should have thought would have consisted in returning the author's manuscript with a sympathetic report on its faults and helpful suggestions on how to remedy them, not in exposing them in public. A greater kindness might even consist in encouraging him to see whether his talent cannot find some other direction to launch itself in, since it so obviously doesn't take wing in this one.

As it is, the encouragement of Mr. Guthrie's selection and presentation of this play at the Old Vic will only mislead other authors, producers, managements "Till Dunce the second follows Dunce the first." Nor, if we may judge from earlier precedents, will it stop there. Adverse criticism will result in the intellectual army of the theatre being rushed up to the defence, rifling the pages of its well-thumbed Kafka and annotated Joyce. Mr. Peter Brook and Mr. Christopher Fry will sign a joint letter disclosing the influence of Kierkegaard and C. S. Lewis; Mr. Gielgud, ever generous, will declare himself deeply moved; Mr. Alec Clunes will be "in there pitching" with an offer of the Arts Theatre free for a matinée performance. And both in the van and the rear, and indeed in the middle, too, General, trumpeter, batman, R.S.M., all in quick-change succession, will be that inveterate champion of the criticised, Mr. Peter Ustinov, a whole Pioneer Corps in himself. T. C. Worsley

THE MOVIES

"Singin' in the Rain," at the Empire

"Here's to the Memory!" and "So Little Time," at the Rialto

The new Gene Kelly musical started from the tune of "Singin' in the Rain," and a week after seeing the film, that tune still hums in my head. It is a very appealing tune; Kelly himself sings it, and dances it along a rainy street that revives all one's romantic enthusiasms. Do you remember the downpour in *Sous les toits de Paris*, the dripping awnings, the two figures huddled under a mackintosh in the doorway, the helter-skelter across cobbles? Among *moments cinématographiques*, this was not the least. Some of its charm was owed to the music of, I think, Bizet's *Jeux d'Enfants*. Well, the enchantment of "Singin' in the Rain" isn't, either musically or optically, quite on that level. Clair gave us a pure lyric; Kelly's "lyric" is a number in a show. But why scorn the onion for the rose? These ten minutes in the film at the Empire have a rapture, an expressiveness of their own. In most of his films Kelly has swept together the relevant feelings and actions into a dream ballet: here a brief personal explosion of gaiety has sufficed. He dances alone, he passes lighted windows and a late pedestrian, he juggles with a brolly, he skips through shower baths and rivers, and a policeman brings this escapade to an end; off he goes along more pedestrian if jaunty paths.

The nostalgia and fun of *Singin' in the Rain* hark back to the middle Twenties and the change-over from silence to talkies. There is a good deal of parody of film-making, most of it entertaining. Romantic heroes suffer a change of style, adorable women squeak like parrakeets but still walk about in sacks, the Singing Fool sings (but only for a minute) once more, substitute voices have to be found and mikes have to nestle in corsages: this richness is a little overdone, and things aren't always helped by a feeble plot that relies on bright dialogue. Still, it gets by. More than that, it preserves (for three-quarters of the time) that verve which seems inseparable from Mr. Gene Kelly. He is a persuasive figure; he dances brilliantly, one advantage at least he can boast over the early Astaire—when he dances he controls not only his own movements but the movements of the camera. He is not, I think, ultimately a charmer, but what he lacks in personal charm, he makes up in visual address. His films dance, and in his hand ballet becomes something more than ballet screened. It is to be hoped that he won't find himself, as regards brow, caught in the frightful dilemma between high or low that ruined such once-artists as Disney and Lubitsch. "Singin' in the Rain": damned tune, it won't leave me.

The scrapbook of *Here's to the Memory!* covers the 50 years since the funeral of Queen Victoria. Mr. Jack Howells and Mr. Howard Thomas have collected and run together their material brilliantly: no mean feat, considering that it gives due weight to two European wars, the slump and the General Strike, and finds a place for Antarctic discovery and the suffragette movement as well as Mlle Lenglen and dance marathons. It acknowledges a debt to the late Humphrey Jennings (for borrowing, I think, from *Fires Were Started* and *Listen to Britain*), but the film achieves quite a style of its own, and would have been twice as good without the conversation piece accompanying it. The other English film in the programme is an old-world drama of sentiment about a chateau, a German commander, a Belgian girl, and two pianos, distinguished by the eager intensity of Maria Schell.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

The Leonardo quincentenary commemorations on the air, in spite of the high quality of the separate items, seemed to me as a whole somewhat fitfully devised. The admirable general talk on the Home Service by Sir Kenneth Clark and the three specialised and difficult studies by Edgar Wind on the Third still did not cover a range wide enough to satisfy the interest which their subject inevitably stirs. There was, indeed, a brief contribution on Woman's Hour—*A Window on the World of Leonardo da Vinci*—and, in fact, something on these lines at Home or Third Programme level—an account of music, morals, military engineering, or other Renaissance matters with which Leonardo was concerned, would not have come amiss. Of what we had, however, Sir Kenneth Clark's beautifully delivered talk, with its fine use of quotation, fired the imagination. Dr. Wind provoked thought in a drier way—not so much in his controversial and particular interpretation of *The Last Supper*, but in his first lecture, *Mathematics and Sensibility*. In this he touched on a variety of matters: Leonardo's relation to Plato in their mathematical approach, the practical aspect of his work as "an engineer of fantasies," the inter-relation of his geometrical knowledge and his sensibility, and the elements in his thought which were not "modern" after all, but medieval. The third talk, as I write, has not yet been given.

Jessie Kesson, author of the interesting feature *The Childhood*, is a fresh and original writer—a natural writer, if the life that she describes is her own. But what a snare to any story-teller is this tempting subject! So vivid, so appealing, do we find our memories; so hard is it to avoid self-pity, sentiment, the horrid yet irresistible detail. It is a tribute to Jessie Kesson that she overrides with such effective vigour the listener's apprehension. Her theme (eight years in a rough Scottish slum and eight more in an orphanage) has the modern leaning to sensibility in its treatment (compare the point at which Charlotte Brontë stopped in *Jane Eyre*)—yet nothing slides into the expected. The orphanage is not harsh, but small and kind; the child excels at the local school; yet then, again,

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she is made to become not a teacher, as she desires, but a housemaid. And with her journey to this post the story ends. Mrs. Kesson conveys the occasional real nastiness of children as well as their simplicity; their quick profound grief, and their seemingly short memories. What is more, both in drama and description, she lights continually on the central detail, and does not linger on it when it has sprung into life. I recall particularly the little boy who used to jump up and wave excitedly when the bus passed the workhouse where he used to live. Even when he was forbidden to shout out, the author could see "pleased recognition" flooding his face as he came in sight of his original home. Can the author do as well on a more impersonal theme? It is hard to say, yet her gift for evoking character, her sensitive use of words, and her untutored energy all promise that she might. The production, by David Thomson, moved quickly and made the most of the material: and I must once again give praise to Marjorie Westbury, this time for her performance as the little Scotch girl.

The Man in the Leathern Breeches (by Vernon Noble and Denis Mitchell)—the story of George Fox and the early years of the Quaker movement—might easily have been the stock Home Service feature which so many historical chronicles tend to become. Yet this production, though crowded (for the authors were determined to enclose as much as possible in the hour's space), somehow contrived not to fall below the distinction of its austere and fiery subject. Unusually free from tricks and radio clichés, it left an effect not so much sophisticated as powerful, honourable, moving. Which is as it should be.

Philip Carr is a precise and elegant speaker, whose grave, stylistic deliberation in his choosing and speaking of words is very agreeable to the listener. It may be the result of his long association with the older theatre, as well as with the new; the French as well as the English. His talk on *The Theatre in France* was, as we might expect, expert, easy, informative. Its substance provided a curious parallel to the account given a day or two later by Lady Kelly on *Soviet Ballet*. Both speakers started with the machinery of training and presentation; both ended with a note on the national spirit and attitude. And, in fact, the final effect—one of an informed enthusiasm—was much the same, though the two personalities have very little in common: the ironic and urbane Mr. Carr; the more spontaneous Lady Kelly, evidently stirred by the beauty and perfection of what she had seen. A comparison of their opening and closing sentences (the *Listener* provides a reprint) quaintly emphasises the contrast if not the likeness.

I cannot end without a reference to the striking choice of poems in George Barker's *Personal Anthology*; these included the marvellous fifteenth-century *Quia Amore Langueo*, an Elegy by Sir Thomas More, Blake's *My spectre round me night and day*, and an early nineteenth-century translation of an ancient Welsh *Ode to the Months*, most rare and most impressive.

NAOMI LEWIS

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The Arts of India and China, at the Whitechapel Gallery

This exhibition, organised in association with the Circulation Department of the Victoria and Albert, contains few masterpieces. It is nevertheless well worth a visit, for we can wander round looking at the Indian paintings and sculpture, the Chinese scrolls and ceramics in a quite uninhibited way. There is, we realise with relief, no obligation to admire; no sense that here is the quintessence of two ancient and formidable cultures which had better be made the most of in a couple of visits. Instead, one can feel one's way: finding this interesting, and that unacceptable. We can enjoy the minute details of sensuous, yearning, primly, yet voluptuously, caught in the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Indian paintings: a quality reminiscent of certain medieval works, like the tapestries of the Lady of the Unicorn. One can be amused by the fact that out of their glass cases one would probably consider some of the genuine Chinese vases to be fakes. One can notice that, whereas European drawing nearly always seems to be the result of some form of constructive thought, Chinese drawing seems, in a curiously inexpressible way, to be the result of stealth; the lines appear to have been gently lowered on to the object which they coincide with and so represent. I myself particularly enjoyed a fine thirteenth-century Indian stone-carving of a dancing figure—its movement entirely enclosed and therefore perpetual; a fragment of two almost classic lovers on a Gandhara dish; and among the Chinese works, a small T'ang bronze of a standing bird and a sixteenth-century silk scroll painting of men with lobster pots. The explanatory notices issued by the V. and A. are as confusing and boring as Whitechapel's own introduction is clear and stimulating. Someone should learn from this example.

J. B.

THE TWO POETS

The one was witty and observant,
Words and translucent form his servant.
The other counted beats, weighed vowels,
His verse as thick and coiled as bowels.

The first died young. The second aged,
And, though officially he raged
Against the former, privately
Envied the light lost poetry.

Envied but never ceased to hope,
Thinking it still within his scope,
That unsought carelessness and truth
—The lucky manner of his youth.

ROY FULLER

Correspondence

IN PLACE OF FEAR

SIR,—Your article "The Case for Cut and Thrust" states that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison are anxious to forgo party controversy but are prevented from doing so by the Bevanites. This is a charge, against the two leaders mentioned, of bad faith and disloyalty to the Labour Party which would provoke the deepest and widest resentment if it were not so ludicrously at variance with the facts. The Opposition, under its elected leadership, has manifested its hostility to the Government in a series of debates on the Budget, the Health Service, education, the textile industry, the Finance Bill, Central African Federation and foreign policy. Anyone who studies these debates will see, first, that there is no prospect of "bipartisanship" and, second, that the part played in them by Labour M.P.s who do not agree with Aneurin Bevan was as lively and effective as the contribution from the Bevanites.

Some anti-Labour newspapers have done their best to paint a picture of an unwilling Front Bench forced into action by the Bevanites. Their purpose is, of course, to create distrust and ill-will among Labour M.P.s; but why has THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION joined itself with them?

There are considerable differences of opinion in the Labour Party, but I do not believe they are as fundamental as the letter from Ian Mikardo suggests. Suppose we set ourselves some specific questions, e.g., What is the right policy in Korea, in Malaya, in Egypt? Should Britain remain a member of NATO? If so, in what directions and by what means should she seek to influence American policy? We should find, at the outset, as much difference of opinion on these matters among the members who recently went into the Lobby with Aneurin Bevan as among the rest of the Parliamentary Labour Party. After discussion, we should find that, save for a very few of us, the differences were of emphasis rather than principle. The need, therefore, is for discussion of policy on its merits, the formulation of the right policy and its resolute advocacy without regard to the extent, great or small, to which it differs from the policy of the present Government. I believe that the Party can carry out this task, provided the atmosphere is not poisoned by personal attacks and accusations of bad faith. Your article and some passages in Ian Mikardo's letter suggest that the continued presence in the Parliamentary Labour Party of members of the late Government is an obstacle and a handicap: if this attitude persists the result can only be disaster.

MICHAEL STEWART

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR,—I think it is a pity that Ian Mikardo should have tried so hard to prove that all that is good in the Opposition comes from Bevanism. It is this sort of approach which is bound to lead to the senseless bickering which we can well do without. But there are one or two of his statements which I just cannot let pass.

First, Ian Mikardo is on dangerous ground in implying from the county council elections that our internal schisms do not weaken the party. I do not think that strength or weakness of the Labour Party had anything at all to do with this particular set of results, which was in the main a vote of protest at Conservative government. Who knows, in two or three years time, the world economic situation may have improved, the electorate may be less disgruntled, and in these new circumstances a disunited party will start a campaign at a disadvantage.

To take Mikardo's argument only a tiny step farther, it could be suggested that the more disunited we are, the better are our electoral prospects—*reductio ad absurdum*.

I dispute that "Bevan and some of his friends (notably Geoffrey Bing and Leslie Hale) have been the undisputed leaders of the recent brilliantly successful opposition in the House." Bing and Hale undoubtedly have been in the lead, but their success has been a function, not of their Bevanism, but of their wit, fluency, industry and knowledge of Parliamentary procedure. They would be just as brilliant, likeable and devastating if they were Right-wing Oxford Groupers.

And really, you know, this approach is a bit unfair on many other colleagues of ours. On the Army Act a lot of thanks are due to George Wigg, who is no Bevanite, and to Reg Paget, who drafted most of the amendments and new clauses. As far as I remember, Nye himself did not join this scrap until the terms of surrender were under discussion. On the National Health Service Bill I think it is a little unfair to disregard the fight put up by Fred Messer and Jim Simmons, amongst many others.

I am not suggesting that the Bevan Group (which Mikardo admits meets as a group and now has a chairman) is a sinister conspiracy. But to argue, as Mikardo does, that group meetings which precede the full meetings of the Parliamentary Labour Party, which draft amendments and resolutions to be presented to the Party, and which finally nominate spokesmen on these matters, are merely groups of healthy animals being ordinarily gregarious is taking it a bit too far.

Of course, there must be groups which meet to persuade our colleagues to adopt certain lines of action. I am prepared to team up now with Aneurin Bevan, Hugh Dalton and Roy Jenkins to campaign for a capital levy. I am prepared to join Nye, Alice Bacon and George Thomas in trying to convince Dick Crossman of the virtues of comprehensive schooling. I am all for these gregarious little groups which might meet to carry certain lines of argument. This is a very different thing from the regular standing group within our midst which tries to take a common line on all issues.

And one final point. It really is no good raking over the past of ex-Ministers in order to prove that they are an embarrassment to us in Opposition. Mikardo argues that Nye is in a better position to argue for the free Health Service than is Marquand. Yet it is only fair to point out that Marquand himself, during the debate, was repeatedly embarrassed by the legislative action which Nye took with a view to making possible a charge on prescriptions. And it could be argued that a Front Bench minus Harold Wilson is better placed to argue against any future bonfire of controls which might be ignited by the Tory Government. This sort of point scoring is so silly. Why not let us drop it?

I am glad, however, that in the main Mikardo agrees with me. And, according to correspondence I have received since publication of my letter, so do a very large number of people throughout the Movement. Perhaps we could take a lead from them.

House of Commons. Wilfred Fienburgh

Sir,—Mr. Clive Bell has, I see, joined the ranks of those people who are perhaps understandably confused by the name Aneurin Bevan. The secret is, of course, that there are two people named Aneurin Bevan, and this is inclined to confuse the political scene somewhat. One Mr. Aneurin Bevan, whom I may call Mr. Bogy Bevan, is a kind of political Mrs. Harris, trailing behind him a string of attendant Mrs. Gamps of various parties, who are forever telling of his wicked exploits, while the other Mr. Aneurin Bevan is that gentleman who represents Ebbw Vale in Parliament. There are those who pretend to believe that these two are one and the same person, but since they persistently ignore what Aneurin says and report instead the sayings of Bogy, we need not take their pretence very seriously. The two Mr. Bevans may be easily distinguished by their attitudes to rearmament. Aneurin is in favour of rearmament to the limit of our ability, while advocating long-term disarmament and opposing the attempts being made by many well-meaning worthies to ruin our economy by producing too great a proportion of non-consumer goods. Bogy, on the other hand, is an undercover agent of the Kremlin, a persistent advocate of laying Britain open to the attacks which Russia has been waiting seven years (for the most unfavourable moment, apparently) to make. He differs from his critics in that while they think we should ruin our economy, he believes that Russia would be better served by our partial rearmament. It is only fair to Bogy Bevan to say that Marx agrees with his opponents.

Seriously, though, if Mr. Clive Bell is so fond of his historical comparisons, I wonder if he knows when armament last led to anything but war.

6a Yeomans Row, Michael Bailey
S.W.3.

Sir,—It is somewhat astonishing to discover the naive proposition that virtue lies only in extremity put forward seriously in your columns.

Mr. Bell's view that a nation must either totally arm or totally disarm has exactly the same value as a proposal that no position between Communism or Fascism has any validity or that one must either live on the Equator or at the North Pole.

As for the comparison of Mr. Bevan, first with Lloyd George and then with Mr. Baldwin, one can only wonder why you chose to publish such stuff unless it was that by following Mr. Mikardo's letter with Mr. Bell's remarks you drew your own salutary comparison. Hugh Jenkins

12 The Woodlands, Beulah Hill, S.E.19.

WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE

Sir,—The conduct in Northern Rhodesia of the case against Mr. Simon Zukas is a scandal. Zukas is a young engineer with a good military and academic record, who has lived in the Copperbelt all his adult life. He has actively opposed the imminent federation of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and has informed and stimulated Africans to opposition. He was suddenly called upon to show cause in the High Court why he should not be deported, on the ground that he had "(a) intrigued against the Government, (b) stirred up enmity between sections of the population, and (c) disturbed the peace and goodwill of the colony." He was given four days' notice to appear in court at the other end of the huge colony to answer these three charges. A local solicitor in charge of the defence asked for sufficient postponement of the case to secure the services of an eminent Q.C. from London. Chief Justice Lewey refused this request. The case began on a Friday, was continued on Saturday, and decided on the Monday, although senior counsel could have reached Livingstone a week later.

The Attorney-General said that there was no objection to Zukas' political views alleged to be Communist. Evidence apparently showed that Zukas had advocated strikes and non-payment of taxes by African mineworkers as a protest against federation. The Attorney-General also quoted extracts from two duplicated newsletters issued by Zukas "that were mischievously critical of the (British) campaign in Malaya."

On Monday the judge decided that Zukas was not guilty of the charges (a) and (b) above, but guilty of (c). The judge thereupon decided to recommend deportation to the Governor, as the Attorney-General asked.

On Wednesday the judge returned to the bench and gave the reasons for his decision. According to press reports, the judge was shocked by the abusive tone and terms of the newsletter. Having read both issues, I must, as a lawyer with some knowledge of Northern Rhodesia, say that I can see nothing shocking in them. Stronger criticism or abuse of government is common in South Africa and no one has been deported or punished for it. But then our law has no such vague offence as "disturbing peace and goodwill."

In a leading article on April 10, the *Rand Daily Mail*, describing the case as a dangerous precedent, said: "This decision, hardly in accord with British traditions of civil liberty, could have the effect of silencing all criticism. . . . At precisely this moment (when federation is under final discussion), it is proposed to deprive the African Congress in the colony of its sole white spokesman. Such a step will have the effect of producing the very condition which Mr. Zukas is supposed to have created, namely, discord between White and Black. In such an atmosphere, which gives rise to considerable mistrust, the natives cannot be expected to grow enthusiastic over the White man's justice. They may even wonder what kind of partnership is being planned for them in the new federation. The deportation of Mr. Zukas would do nothing to allay their suspicions."

I should add that in such political cases suspicion of injustice is increased by the fact that colonial judges are members of the colonial service without the independent status normally enjoyed by the judiciary. Julius Lewin

University of the Witwatersrand,
Johannesburg.

GERRYMANDER

Sir,—It is easy to see why, despite the big swing to Labour in the recent County Council elections, the Tories and Independents still retain overwhelming strength in some counties. In Kent, for instance, with 1,080,469 electors, and 77 seats on the County Council, the average electorate per seat works out at about 14,000. Yet only eleven seats come near the average, falling between 13,500 and 14,500 electors (including Bromley East, Cons, with 13,477) and Tories and Ind's. hold 8 of them, Lab. 3.

There are 34 seats above the average (14,500) equally distributed between the two party groups. The average electorate here works out at 17,904 per seat. 32 seats fall below average (13,500), with Tories and Ind. holding 23 of them (12 unopposed), and Labour 9, the average electorate being 10,011.

The difference in size between the largest electorate and the smallest is fantastic, Chislehurst and Sidcup South, Lab. having 27,084 voters, and Swale East, Con. with 4,923.

The above average seats are predominantly Urban, residential and industrial, while the below average seats are mainly Rural. Labour and the built-up areas are consequently under-represented, while the Tories and Independents over-represent the country districts. A similar position exists in other counties. At a time when County Councils are gaining powers and becoming relatively stronger than other units of Local Government, it is important that all "Rotten Boroughs" should be eliminated by suitable boundary changes. Roy E. Bennett

St. Catherine's Society, Oxford.

THE SEMI-POOR

Sir,—Your correspondent J.B., writing in your issue of April 12, quoted an alleged statement by an L.C.C. official intimating that the L.C.C. has no interest in rehousing people of the middle classes and

TIME GENTLEMEN PLEASE

This urgent reminder — although in certain circumstances lamented as the three saddest words in the English language—conveys a more cheerful message on this occasion, to inform those still outside KEESING'S circle that new subscribers are NOW being enrolled for the next Volume which starts on July 1st.

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went on to quote "Labour does not care for the likes of you, so next time you know how to vote."

As a matter of public interest and concern, may I invite your correspondent to send to me, under Private and Confidential cover, particulars of the officer whom he quotes, so that I can deal with the matter, or, if not, will he withdraw his accusation?

The 1949 Housing Act dropped for the first time reference to "Housing the Working Classes" and placed on local housing authorities the statutory duty to provide general housing.

The L.C.C. has provided houses and flats for all classes and levels of income and has programmed quite a considerable number of homes for middle and higher income levels, of whom it has already rehoused many since the war. Tories are of the opinion these should be provided by private developers for sale. The needs of all classes of the community are the concern of the Labour majority at County Hall. Based on housing need, determined by a priority scheme of "points," any British subject resident in London is entitled to be registered and is allocated a home to enjoy as his "point" level is reached.

Labour or any other politicians take no part in the administration or allocation of houses. This work is done under delegated power by officers and it will be a matter of some grave concern to the impartial officers administering this service if the accusation made by your correspondent is not dealt with.

London County Council — Reginald Stamp
Housing Committee. — *Chairman*

Sir,—One frequently hears arguments about the Welfare State being dangerous because it could undermine individual responsibility and enterprise. I always disagreed, until the letter of Mr. J. B. on "The Semi-poor" made me wonder if there is some real basis in those fears.

He is indeed one of the many, all the intellectual and white-collar workers on the lower rungs of the middle class. They feel the brunt of socialisation in any newly socialised state, *vide* pre-war France under Blum. There are, of course, additional reasons to make them more numerous in present-day Britain. They are not poor if by poverty we mean starvation, but they are too poor to live up to their previous standards.

Those standards include privacy and some leisure. Important as those are, one does not bother about privacy while quite homeless, or about leisure while hungry. First things must come first, and unless we treble both our taxes and rates, the State and local councils can provide only the barest essentials. Mr. J. B. is interested in Swedish housing, so one may presume that he has also studied the local conditions and will know:—

(a) That the local councils build as fast as they can, but as this means a long waiting list, those who are overcrowded or whose accommodation endangers health must have priority. He does not come into either category.

(b) That there is, thank heavens, no class criterion in either State or local council services. Flats and houses are also built for his income group: there are those larger flats and houses with garages for the lower middle class built by the L.C.C. Presumably there is a waiting list also for these.

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There is no means test for any free services. The income level demanded for day nurseries is due to the fact that there is room only for those children whose mothers use nurseries because they are so poor that they must go out to work. It is an accepted fact that life at home is better for a small child than life in a nursery. I am rather surprised that he is prepared to put his child into a nursery for nearly all the boy's waking hours, just to give his wife a respite. That she needs it I do not doubt. But surely a few hours daily in a kindergarten would be enough for that? And the State does not provide them, as yet, for any mother in any class. There are thousands of mothers who take life with children around all the time for granted. It is only in the middle class that mothers demand some leisure. If they do, they must organise those nurseries themselves. It would be simple enough to find locally some other mothers in a similar position to engage a teacher or nurse for a few hours daily and find a room in one of their houses. She could similarly organise a body of sitters-in, who would do it as social work for a nominal payment; looking for them amongst members of local branches of organisations, be it the W.V.S., the Mothers' Union, or P.T.A. in a local school. It is the assumption that State has to help which is worrying me. If we go on thinking like that, the State will have to do all that paid workers used to do for the middle class, including sending in maids to do the washing, nurses to bath the babies, etc.

Mr. J. B. suggests that this need for privacy for study is particularly a middle-class demand. It may be a middle-class mentality which takes it for granted, but surely his neighbours fill in football pools while he studies and it is for them mental work, demanding as much concentration as his studies are for him. Only they do not expect privacy. Admittedly, privacy for everyone would be good. Perhaps when the State has housed the people adequately, they will afford to think about housing them so as to give even privacy within the family. But they cannot do so yet. Would Mr. J. B. suggest that they do so for those who engage in "higher pursuits"? A dangerous thought. If we start rating things by cultural value primarily, we may start cutting primary schools to endow more post-graduate research and so on. No, I do not think that the State could supply individual needs according to standards of the person, his cultural level, or his personal habits. If it did, we would need council houses with stables for horses for riding, with studios to paint, etc. It would need not merely a Socialist country, but a plainly Communist one to have that. And not of the Soviet pattern. It all sounds rather Utopian.

I suggest that instead Mr. J. B. may try to achieve more from his union; there are teacher housing cooperatives on the Continent; perhaps they could be built here as well. That only more basic State allowances for everybody (no matter what class or income) could help his case of uncomfortable poverty. And that he decides how far he would like State help to go, and if he would really like to have this help on a class basis. Lastly, that thousands of young couples have overcome those difficulties by their own initiative. Or are those who argue that the initiative dies as a result of State help right?

99 Underhill Road, — Gina Watson
London, S.E.22.

GERM WARFARE

Sir,—I am glad to see that Critic believes that a *prima facie* case has been made for an investigation of allegations of bacteriological warfare in Korea.

These are very serious accusations, especially when it is remembered that for many years bacteriological warfare has been banned by international agreement. The horrors of bacteriological warfare were considered to be so great that, for the protection of humanity, the Geneva Protocol banning bacteriological weapons was signed in June, 1925, by a large number of nations. The Protocol contains a statement that such processes "have been justly condemned by the overwhelming body of opinion of the civilised world."

I believe we owe it to those who have made these accusations thoroughly to investigate the evidence and to give them an opportunity to prove their charges, and we owe it to the accused to give them an opportunity to exonerate themselves.

At the Oslo meeting of the World Peace Council, which I attended, a suggestion was endorsed which was forwarded by the Chinese Committee for the Defence of Peace to set up an International Investigation Commission of qualified men and women of unquestionable integrity and impartiality to go to Korea and North-East China for the purpose of examining all the evidence. It is the wish of the Chinese and Koreans that scientists, biologists, entomologists, doctors, etc., of good standing should be members of this Commission. It is essential that it should command the confidence of both the Eastern and Western world. Although President Truman has suggested an investigation by the International Red Cross, this has been refused by the Chinese and Koreans. They believe this agency to be dominated by the United States and therefore do not consider it an impartial body. They have also rejected a proposal that the World Health Organisation, a United Nations specialised agency, should make an investigation. This is not surprising as not only do the United Nations refuse to recognise the Chinese Government, but also the war in Korea is fought under the banner of the United Nations.

At both Oslo and Stockholm the Chinese and Koreans gave press interviews, presented the same reports and showed the same evidence as at the Bureau of the World Peace Council. In Stockholm a number of doctors and professors were present. Among them was Professor Gunnar Olin. He is a Professor of Bacteriology and head of the Bacteriological Laboratory in Sweden. The Chinese and Koreans invited him to join this Commission. The qualifications of Professor Olin are unquestionable, and the fact that he holds the position he does in a neutral country would make it particularly valuable to have him on the Commission. Professor Olin expressed great interest and said he would be willing to join the Commission if his Government gave their consent. Later he intimated that he was unable to join the Commission.

There have been numerous instances lately when pressures have been exerted to dissuade people from accepting invitations to go to the countries of Eastern Europe and the U.S.S.R. The most recent was when invitations were issued to attend the recent International Economic Conference in Moscow. A number of the most important people in industry, economics and commerce in different countries were prepared to go to this Conference, but in many instances pressure was brought to bear on them.

Let there be no pressure brought to bear on people invited to join this Commission of Investigation. It is in the interests of the accused, the accusers, and the people of all countries, that the truth of what is happening in Korea should be established. The Government should assist and encourage those who are invited, to carry out this important investigation. By doing so they will reaffirm their sincerity in the pledges they gave when they signed the Protocol of 1925. If difficulties are placed in the way of forming an impartial Investigation Commission, people will draw their own conclusions.

The Investigation Commission should consist of competent men and women of unquestionable integrity and impartiality who command the confidence of people in both the capitalist and Socialist worlds, that there be a fearless and thorough investigation.

559 Park West, W.2. — Jessie M. G. Street

WHITE SUPREMACY

Sir,—If J. W. Thompson knew the "rural Natives" of England as well as he knows them in Southern Rhodesia, he would realise that there is not after all so great a difference in the level of intelligence of the two. The rural Natives here, too, "find any sort of abstract thought extremely difficult" and certainly "minor problems in logic baffle them." Any superiority in these respects which they may possess is more than accounted for by the difference in cultural background and the fact that they have been educated up to the standard of 14 or 15 years instead of only 10 or 11. — Cyril C. Barnard

Welwyn Garden City.

Books in General

POWER, no doubt, corrupts; the illusion of power corrupts still more, and nothing feeds that illusion so much as directing the policy of a great newspaper. Those who conduct *The Times*, like those who have written its history, are always conscious of their national importance; and even a reader who believes that the greatest newspaper in England is not published in London must acknowledge that *The Times* has played a vital part in modern British history. But what is the part that a great newspaper of this kind should play? This is the fundamental question which shapes the last volume of the *History of The Times**. It opens in 1912, with Northcliffe securely in control, an editor of his own choice just appointed. It ends virtually in 1939, when Geoffrey Dawson had held unchecked sway for seventeen years. Barrington-Ward's brief tenure of the editorial chair from 1941 to 1948 is given personal mention; but nothing is said of the great issues of policy raised in those years—they are too recent and perhaps too controversial to be tackled even by the self-confident, dogmatic writers (or "compilers" as they describe themselves) of this final volume.

The conflict which shook *The Times* and which reached its climax in 1922 can be expressed in many forms. It was a conflict of personalities. On the one side was Northcliffe, the Ogre, the Napoleon of Fleet Street, irresponsible, inconsistent, a man of torrential opinions and undisciplined mind, with no formal education, and—when all is said and done—a genius. On the other side Dawson—cultivated, cautious, a Fellow of All Souls and a member of the Athenæum, fancying himself as a country squire, but safely tied up, too, with the mining interests of South Africa; second-rate himself, except in obstinacy, he preferred the second-rate in others. Northcliffe was dynamic, with infinite faith in British greatness and creative power; he represented, though he would have hated the description, the era of Lloyd George. Dawson was intent only to preserve, to settle questions without sharp disturbance; it would have pleased him to be told that he represented the era of Baldwin.

The conflict of personalities merged into something bigger: the conflict between Proprietor and Editor. Though Northcliffe had bought *The Times* in order to preserve it as a national institution, he meant it to be also the instrument of his will. Lord Beaverbrook has said of him: "he was the greatest figure who ever strode down Fleet Street": and the present *History* adds the firm verdict: "he and he alone had transformed the early Victorian survival into a contemporary newspaper with a prospect of a commercial future not less impressive than its past." But Northcliffe was not content to save *The Times* commercially; he wished it to become his personal organ, expressing his policy and making, or more often unmaking, governments. It would be wrong to think that he had political ambitions in the ordinary sense. He knew few politicians and did not get on with them; he did not aspire to high office. As for his title, "When I want a peerage I will buy one, like an honest man"—and so he did. His sole ambition was to dictate policy to *The Times* and, through *The Times*, to the country. The Editor was simply his agent, his mouthpiece, until such time as he might become Editor-Proprietor in one. Against this stood the tradition of *The Times* as an anonymous "companionship" headed by the Editor, the "gentlemen scholars of Printing House Square" as they are described here. This battle waged continuously throughout the years when Northcliffe was Chief Proprietor. He made Dawson Editor in 1912 in the belief that he would be a new broom, and an amenable one at that. Instead the two men grew increasingly estranged; and Dawson resigned in 1919. Northcliffe then appointed Wickham Steed, who was undoubtedly more congenial to him—dynamic, adventurous, and ready enough to revive the old line of *The Times* as "the Thunderer." Nevertheless, the conflict between Proprietor and Editor was repeated. Northcliffe intrigued against Steed, humiliated him, and in 1922 acquired the remaining shares of his co-Proprietor, John Walter, so as to make himself all-powerful.

At the very moment of dismissing Steed and forcing *The Times* under his will, Northcliffe went mad. Within two months he was dead. The most dramatic part of the present *History* deals with the financial battle that followed. John Walter, though he had parted with his shares, had a somewhat disputable option to re-purchase the property from Northcliffe on his death; others had the money, but no option. Endless schemes were aired—the most fascinating and far-fetched, one by which Lloyd George should resign as Prime Minister and become Editor of *The Times* instead. This would certainly have enlivened the drab inter-war years. Lord Rothermere believed that he could outbid all competitors. Walter managed to get the backing of "a New College man," John Astor; and Rothermere was beaten at the last moment. By an appropriate chance, *The Times* returned to its traditional Proprietor on the very day that Bonar Law became Prime Minister. Steed was dismissed, Dawson restored. It was his duty to give *The Times* a period of steadiness, "even of stodginess"; he certainly succeeded. Dawson came back on new terms. Previously there had been no written agreement between Proprietors and Editor; after the Northcliffe experience, Dawson was determined to make his position "bomb-proof." He laid down terms which ensured that "*The Times* is being run by the Editor and no one else"; and these terms were accepted by the new Proprietors. They never attempted to influence policy. Walter expostulated once at the height of the Czech crisis; Dawson disregarded him. John Astor apparently did not get even this far. Moreover, the Proprietors allowed Dawson complete freedom also in conducting the office and acquiesced, for instance, in his calamitous abolition of the post of Foreign Editor. As the *History* observes, Dawson had a position which had not been held "by Barnes, Delane, Buckle, Dawson in his early period, or even Steed; or by any former Editor of *The Times*." Dawson, in fact, achieved Northcliffe's ambition: he became dictator. There is a loose assumption nowadays that the freedom of the press is synonymous with dictatorial powers for the editor; but it is difficult to resist the feeling that *The Times* would have been a freer, as well as a better, paper, if Dawson had possessed only the limited powers of his predecessors. In the press, as elsewhere, there is something to be said for constitutional monarchy—a system of checks and balances. Dawson, however, was a mayor of the palace; the Proprietors *rois fainéants*.

The results, as the *History* argues, were baleful. The conflict between Dawson and Northcliffe had been far more than a clash of personality between Editor and Proprietor. It was the clash between two fundamental conceptions of journalism. Northcliffe wanted his papers, and especially *The Times*, to make policy. Though he was also anxious to maintain the sales of the paper, he never shrank from unpopularity: he would rather lose readers than fail to advocate the causes which he believed to be right. No doubt he sometimes abused his power and attacked governments from motives of personal dislike rather than public policy. But usually he was patriotic as well as courageous, as when he preached conscription during the first World War or settlement with Ireland after it. Dawson, on the other hand, claimed to express public opinion, not to lead it. What is more, he meant by public opinion that of men in his own class and to his own taste. He went from his club to his college and from his college to his country house, listening to the slow, the cautious, the timid; avoiding the dynamic and adventurous, the "viewy" men. The writers of the *History* emphasise Dawson's fault, perhaps even exaggerate it. But they attribute it to a strange motive—the mass-electorate. "The act that brought the number of voters at the 1929 election to 28,500,000 was unaccompanied by any move to instruct them in issues of national significance." Northcliffe would have welcomed this challenge; Dawson shrank from it. In any case, the explanation is false. There was nothing wrong with the British people in the inter-war years except its leaders. The traditional governing class turned timid, failed to lead. Dawson was a symbol of this. His claim to express public opinion was fraudulent; he would only express the public opinion with which he agreed. The *History* observes: "He was close to Baldwin and Chamberlain; he was intimate with Halifax. There is no sign that he consulted statesmen, whether Conservative or not, who were known to oppose the policy of the party." Details are given here of the way in which Dawson, himself as uninstructed in foreign affairs as his hero Baldwin, inserted late at night the notorious sentence which advocated the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. This was not expressing public opinion; it was leading it—in the wrong direction. Dawson was a gentleman; Northcliffe was not. Dawson was restrained, courteous; he knew the Prime Minister and the Archbishop of Canterbury; he had the approval of the Church of England and of every respectable member of the University of Oxford. The fact remains that he was a more powerful dictator than Northcliffe and that he used his power for evil purposes. He did his best to knock the guts out of the British people and British life.

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* *The History of The Times*. Volume IV. *The 150th Anniversary and Beyond*. Part I, 1912-1920. Part II, 1921-1948. *The Times*. 25s. each part.

The writers of the *History* themselves pass verdict against him. They speak with contempt of his "simply advocating half-measures on every occasion, or sitting on the fence and softening rearmament into 're-equipment' or 'the thorough organisation of British resources.'" But their criticism is narrowed to a single issue, which they seem to regard as the only problem of politics: that of resistance to Germany. Indeed much of this *History*, not only in this volume, is delayed revenge of the old Toryism against the new. The third volume, which was published in 1947, devoted a quite disproportionate space to discussing Anglo-German relations between 1901 and 1912; this was not so much a contribution to the history of *The Times* as a vindication of those of its staff who gave warning of the German danger. The present volume repeats the demonstration. The writers have no doubt that it was right to go to war against Germany in 1914 and wrong to hesitate in 1939. They like to imply that they are more aware of the problems of the modern world than were Dawson and Barrington-Ward; in reality all they mean by a modern policy is "rearmament," and an anti-German coalition. Their argument is out of date: their younger, more "realistic" colleagues are no doubt already projecting a further volume in which the present writers will be condemned for continuing to advocate resistance against Germany when they ought to have been preaching war against Russia.

This antithesis reveals the great weakness of *The Times*. Its only question has been—war against which rival? It has existed to serve "the national interest," by which it has meant the interest of the British governing class. As this class has altered its character and changed its views, *The Times* has altered too. Sometimes it has jumped too quickly, sometimes not quickly enough. But always it has considered "the Establishment" and its duty to it. Northcliffe did not belong to the Establishment and cared nothing for it. The Establishment thought that it had ensnared Northcliffe when he became proprietor of *The Times*. Instead, he nearly blew the Establishment sky-high; and what a sight it would have been! It is difficult not to see the workings of Providence in the way in which Northcliffe went mad at the exact moment when *The Times* was at last firmly in his grasp.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A GIRL IN THE SNOW: (*for T.*)

Autumn's attrition. Then this world laid waste
Under a low white sky, diffusing glare
On blurs of snow as motionless and bare
As the dead epoch where our luck is placed.

Till from the imprecise close distance flies,
Winged on your skis and stillness-breaking nerve
Colour, towards me down this vital curve,
Blue suit, bronze hair and honey-coloured eyes.

Under this hollow cloud, a sky of rime,
The eyes' one focus in an empty mirror
You come towards my arms until I hold

Close to my heart, beyond all fear and error,
A clear-cut warmth in this vague waste of cold:
A road of meaning through the shapeless time.

ROBERT CONQUEST

VISUAL IMAGE AND POETIC WORD

The Film of Murder in the Cathedral. By T. S. ELIOT and GEORGE HOELLERING. *Faber.* 25*s*.

"The book of the film"—the phrase usually means the cheap edition of some classic bearing only a suggestive relation to the pictures on the screen, but in the present case we have a luxurious volume with six plates in colour and 48 full-page monochrome illustrations (from photographs by Angus McBean). In addition, the text is decorated with numerous line-drawings from sketches by Peter Pendrey made for the production of the film. The text is of considerable interest since it includes a whole new scene written especially for the film by Mr. Eliot, and a Preface by him which gives the poet's views on some of the special problems involved in the filming of a verse play.

The cinema, Mr. Eliot discovered, is more exacting in its demands than the theatre, mainly because the producer has to be more realistic. "We are seized with the illusion that we are observing the actual event; and nothing must be allowed to break this illusion." The film also demands a different treatment of *plot*.

> An intricate plot, intelligible on the stage, might be completely mystifying on the screen. The audience has no time to think back, to establish relations between early hints and subsequent discoveries. The picture passes before the eyes too quickly; and there are no intervals in which to take stock of what has happened, and make conjectures of what is going to happen. . . . The film seems to me to be nearer to narrative, and to depend much more on the episodic. . . . The observer . . . has to have more explained to him.

This is the justification for adding scenes to the text of the play, and for bringing into the film such a dominating character as Henry II, whose presence would ruin the shape of the play.

Other changes were involved, such as a redirecting of the Knights' speeches, so as to be spoken to the crowd assembled at the cathedral, and not, as in the play, to the audience in the theatre. But these changes, and other minor ones, are in no sense illegitimate interferences with the text of the play. That text remains *poetically* intact, and the changes are devices to bring out the poetry, not to evade it. Such is the real distinction of this film, and it is a virtue which the film critics, with few exceptions, failed to appreciate. For the first time the film medium was used, not to exploit a dramatic text for its own pictorial purposes, but to enhance the drama's poetic texture.

Poetry is written for the ear; films are made to be seen. These are obvious truths, but there is no reason why they should not be challenged. *Murder in the Cathedral* was written to be acted—it was a commissioned play. If it had been set to music and made into an opera, that would have seemed, to the critics, a legitimate marriage of two mediums. But the filming of the same drama is condemned as illegitimate, generally on the grounds that the camera must move, and be kept moving, independently of words. Film is a visual art, the argument runs, and words must be subordinate to images.

In opera words have generally been unscrupulously mauled by the composer. Who cares what is *said* in *Figaro* or *Aida* (that is to say, *how* what is said is said) so long as the voice sings? And yet Wagner felt that the words should tell, as words, and wrote his own libretti in an effort to find an exact correspondence between words and music. More significant for this comparison is the sensitive collaboration between Strauss and Hofmannsthal—in their operas words and music were interanimated in a way which cannot be analytically dissolved. The music can be performed separately, and *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* are very readable without the music. But the third thing, the Hofmannsthal-Strauss opera, is greater than either of these art-forms separately.

A more exact parallel may be found in ballet, an art in which movement as such is wedded to another medium, music. *Petrouchka* is as near an analogue to the film version of *Murder in the Cathedral* as we shall find; and it is a perfect work of art. These are the proper parallels for the Eliot-Hoellering film, and we need a new word, like "opera" or "ballet," to describe this third thing, this marriage of the visual image and poetic word.

As a new art-form *Murder in the Cathedral* has been preceded (in England) by *Henry V* and *Hamlet*. Although in both these cases there was an intermittent fusion of the poetry and the projected image, liberties that no author would have tolerated were taken with the text—in the nature of the situation, those liberties had to be destructive of the text, since no poet would nowadays presume to add to a Shakespearean text. In the case of *Murder in the Cathedral*, not only was it possible for the poet himself to add new scenes which the producer thought desirable "to turn the play into an intelligible film"—the poet could also make a recording of the entire play to serve the actors and the producer as a guide to the rhythms and emphases of the verse. This enabled the poet himself to give a rhythmic unity to the film, and this rhythmic unity is one of the most remarkable features of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

I do not wish to claim that Hoellering's visualisation of Eliot's verse is faultless. I feel, for example, that there are too many points at which the image recedes from the words, to allow an irrelevant image to intrude—a close-up of a carved capital or a tapestry which invites separate attention and so disrupts the verbal-imagistic unity. If we are to project ourselves into the twelfth century, we do not want to be reminded of anything so modern as "art"! There are finer points in the acting which were quite properly criticised; and much more attention, in the case of this particular production, might have been paid to the voices—in poetic drama *voices* must be cast rather than actors. However good the acting, a wrong voice may ruin the poetry, simply by the lack of poetic sensibility—even by the lack of a certain *timbre*, for there are voices which in themselves are too unfeeling, too indifferent to magic.

The main impact of the criticism should have been directed to what was the producer's main concern—the visual rendering of the poetry. Of course, it would be quite legitimate to go a step farther and argue that there was no poetry to render, but only one critic was eccentric enough to put forward that point of view. The rest were almost too reverent in their attitude, not stopping to ask one pertinent question—namely, granted that the poetry *is* adequate as poetry, is it the kind of poetry most suitable for imagistic treatment? It might have been argued that much of the verse is too discursive in kind, too conceptual; possibly for that reason the camera is inclined to rove round for something to fill the eye, since at the moment no image is suggested by the verse. Perhaps the ideal poetry for this new art-form has not yet been written: it should be a very concrete, objective verse. But Hoellering was not wrong in selecting *Murder in the Cathedral* for a first experiment: I know of no contemporary English verse that is nearer to the ideal. It is only poetry of the first order that can stand up to visual accompaniment, for a magnification takes place, and just because we *see* more distinctly (see such things as lip-movements and facial expressions more distinctly) for that reason we *hear* more distinctly. It needs a certain adjustment of the sensory faculties to "take" poetry in such direct intensity. In normal reading, or even at a stage performance, there is more chance for a relaxation of attention—the eye is not held in such fixity, the ear is not so relentlessly assailed. In the cinema there is no escape, except the one marked EXIT. Those who cannot take poetry in intensive doses had better stay away, but if they do they will miss an event which may have great significance for the future of both poetry and film.

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APOLOGIA

Philosophers Lead Sheltered Lives. By JAMES K. FEIBLEMAN. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

Mr. Feibleman is a naive, optimistic, shrewd, self-taught American philosopher, whose book tells his story so far as it is needed to account for his being so, and gives an instructive, if extreme, illustration of the dilemma of present-day philosophers. His father owned a department store in New Orleans, and brought him up in the tearing Twenties under the comforting impression that "to beat last year in sales had always been both the slogan and the aim of mankind." From this doctrine he made his way alone, via bad health, poetry-writing, the Slump, local intellectual society and visits to Europe, into a course of serious reading in search of an alternative. Here economics led to some study of physical science, and that, through its presuppositions, into "the topless towers of ontology," Plato, Kant, Whitehead and Charles S. Peirce. Feeling at home here, he finally dropped work at the department store, where his father had hoped he would succeed him, sold it, and made philosophy his business. Plainly a person with his own ideas, particularly when you consider that the New Orleans view of philosophy apparently ranges from active hostility to the considerate comment—"But you are young to be so resigned."

Mr. Feibleman's book certainly makes the first point it sets out for, that some people are incurably philosophic, and will follow the subject in the face of every sort of discouragement, being haunted all their lives by those strange, general, protean questions in which the rest of the world loses interest by the age of seventeen. Mr. Feibleman contends further that this is a good thing. The point may not seem to need so much defence in England, where the philosopher is usually accepted with no less awe, pride and incomprehension than the local Roman remains. But Mr. Feibleman has had to think the question out for himself, and that may give his book some importance for us. For the British regard for philosophers often turns out to rest merely on the same slight grounds as the American objection—namely, that they are detached, harmless, and incredibly out of date.

Why should there be philosophers? Mr. Feibleman's answer is a humanistic one; that curiosity is a natural appetite, and that the philosopher, whose curiosity does not stop short with his practical interests, is, like the creative artist, both satisfying a natural need in himself and providing for its development and satisfaction in his less ambitious neighbours. He argues from history (rather vaguely, but in order) that philosophers neglected in their time have deeply influenced later non-philosophic thought. Philosophy then is not merely to glory in its uselessness, like pure logic and mathematics, but to claim that it helps mankind. Here trouble starts. Is philosophy in this sense still possible to-day? Have the very general questions open to Plato and Spinoza been broken up by the prism of specialisation? Do we now only need a traffic system for directing inquirers to the relevant experts in other subjects? The recommendation to pack up is of course not only implied in the attitude of the hard-headed, vaguely pragmatist American who is Mr. Feibleman's chief antagonist, it is clearly stated by all the prevalent academic philosophic schools both in Britain and America. For them, statements or more positive doctrines like Personalism or Huxleyesque mysticism are simply melancholy confirmations of their view that nothing more can intelligibly be said. And here we reach the deeper question; what *are* philosophers? Are they an extinct species, whose nearest living relatives are logicians, historians of thought, and those novelists whose objections to our various habits have entitled them to take over the province of morals?

Mr. Feibleman has his own way with the problem.

The philosopher must decide whether he is to express what everyone else in his day is expressing by finding odd corners of it which have not yet been uncovered, or whether he is to seek his own way regardless of what is or is not being done.

Consequently he has written a gossipy, diffuse, uneven, stimulating book, in which even those philosophers whose proceedings are, and are meant to be, of no more use to anybody else than a sick headache, can find amusements other than fallacy-hunting and irony other than their own. When Mr. Feibleman asks, "What is the nature of Being?" or "What is Sleep?" he is not merely playing with words and he is certainly not merely keeping up a tradition; the tradition would clearly not have interested him if he had not first been possessed by the questions. His comments vary greatly in value. The lack of regular training appears in gross cases of partiality; for instance his cheerful temper leads him to remark in passing that there are satisfactory proofs of the existence of God. But if his book is not philosophy it is still undoubtedly the stuff of which philosophy is made; nor is it profitable for trees to become too pure for their roots.

MARY SCRUTTON

THE JACKDAW MAN

King Solomon's Ring. By KONRAD Z. LORENZ. *Methuen.* 15s.

Herr Lorenz's book, coming on the heel of Miss Howard's account of her life with birds, will probably cause a considerable flutter among scientific students of animal behaviour. At least it will put an end to facile generalisations about instinct and reason, conditioned reflexes, ability to learn and to transmit learning, even about the possibility of intelligent verbal communication from animal to man.

For this is not just one more book about animals. Herr Lorenz is, indeed, an animal lover in the best and fullest sense of the word, but he is also an acute and purposeful and entirely honest observer. "I am a scientist," he says, "and not a poet and I shall not aspire, in this little book, to improve on nature by taking any artistic liberties." On the other hand, he recognises the truthfulness of a Kipling or a Jack London—

> The creative writer, in depicting an animal's behaviour, is under no greater obligation to keep within the bounds of exact truth than is the painter or the sculptor in shaping an animal's likeness. But all three artists must regard it as their most sacred duty to be properly instructed regarding those particulars in which they deviate from the actual facts . . . There is no more contemptible dilettantism than to use artistic licence as a specious cover for ignorance of fact.

He himself carries complete conviction in every one of his carefully weighed and often highly humorous statements.

Not since Frank Buckland has there been such a naturalist. He has kept or been kept by—anyhow, lived on terms of intimate equality with—almost every conceivable kind of pet. He was fallen passionately in love with by a sparrow who tried coyly to lure him into his own waistcoat pocket. He has been spoken to, meaningfully, by that most humanly gifted of all birds, the raven. And he shows how even "a fish can find itself in a genuine conflicting situation and, in this case, behave exactly as a human being would."

Perhaps the most fascinating section of an entirely fascinating book is the long account of the jackdaw colony which Herr Lorenz has maintained for the last twenty-five years at Altenberg on the Danube. He not only got to know each one of his birds by its facial appearance but he also came to understand each one's separate personality. And he discovered that, contrary to the opinion, as he says, of many learned animal psychologists, animals of all sorts recognise each other by these same means. As a result of his close friendship with the members of this colony, he was able to notice many a jackdaw trait in human behaviour—such as the ease with which we, like the jackdaws, can be roused to fury by a demagogue. Again, the class-conscious snobbery of humanity is unflatteringly similar to that which obtains amongst these birds. It is at its most rancorous between those of nearly but not quite the same social status. And as with us, "Since the partners in a jackdaw marriage support each other loyally and bravely in every conflict, a wife is therefore of necessity raised to her husband's position." But no male jackdaw ever marries a female that ranks above him.

No brief review can convey the quality of this book nor the character of its author. One can only ask for more, particularly about his jackdaws—and with some hope, for "to-day," he writes, "the ravens are gone, the greyleg geese were scattered by the war. Of all my free-flying birds only the jackdaws remain. These perennial retainers still circle round the high gables, and their shrill cries, whose meaning I understand in every detail, still echo through the shafts of the central heating into my study." Herr Lorenz is master of a most attractive English style and his book is wittily illustrated by his own marginal drawings.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

WHAT WAS HECUBA TO SHAKESPEARE?

Shakespeare and the Classics. By J. A. K. THOMSON. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

"And though thou hadst small *Latin* and less *Greek*. . . ." The revealing word in that neat cliché of Jonson's is the "though." The scholar here makes a supreme gesture. He pays homage to a journalist! More recent scholars, impressed by Shakespeare's early Ovidian poems, his burlesque use of Latin in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the peppering of tags throughout all the plays and the abundance of subtly used classical allusions, have tended to tone down the patronage, to bring Shakespeare's Latin right up into the alpha class, to interpret "small" as "considerable."

Supporting them there is Aubrey's tantalising note, "he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the countrey—from Mr. Beeston." (Beeston was the son of one of Shakespeare's fellow-actors.) Professor Thomson deals with this question the really hard, indeed the only way. He goes through every single line that Shakespeare ever wrote (many too that he probably did not) sniffing out classical indebtedness and naming the most likely source. Here is a sample. In *Henry V* Fluellen uses Alexander the Great's drunken murder of Cleitus as a "figure" for young King Harry's rejection of Falstaff. From where did Shakespeare get his knowledge of Alexander?

> Shakespeare may well have taken this from North. But the story was well enough known before Plutarch was translated, from Curtius Rufus, a favourite author with Renaissance readers. There was a translation of Curtius, published in 1553, from the hand of John Brende. It is interesting that Shakespeare's Alexander is the historical King of Macedonia and not the half mythical being of Mediæval legend, etc.

The method is exhausting, but illuminating. Shakespeare could have got so much at second hand. There is positive proof that he read Golding's translation of Ovid. And much of his classical lore does come from the Ovidian stories.

He did, though, undoubtedly have some Latin. Besides Golding he must occasionally have read Ovid in the original, and some at least of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus, and parts of the tragedies of Seneca. However, on the whole, Jonson is vindicated. Shakespeare's Latin reading (Greek is out of the question) was not wide, it was perfunctory and it was done with a business eye to his own work. In fact, where classical scholarship was concerned, he did use the journalist's technique, or as Professor Thomson puts it, "a practised man of letters is continually picking up information—even information contained in books—from other people."

This study does not by any means stop at that conclusion. Next there is a bridge passage on that boring Victorian theme—the identity of the Rival Poet of the *Sonnets*. (How easy it is to understand why dons are such avid readers of detective stories!) The Professor adds himself to the ranks of the Chapmanites. He holds the view that in the memorable line, "He nor that affable familiar ghost. . . ." Shakespeare is referring to Chapman's belief that he was prompted by the ghost of Homer, a belief he recorded in the *Inductio* to his poem *The Tears of Peace*. Very probably, but who now cares? Curiously, Professor Thomson does not mention that this suggestion was first made by Furnivall in 1877. He has elaborately consolidated it.

Last comes the most generally interesting, bold and stimulating part of this remarkably full and closely argued book. One may describe this part briefly as a complete re-examination of the Plutarch-North-Shakespeare collaboration. Much time is spent, wisely and well, on *Julius Cæsar*. It is classed as a Revenge Play. How so? North in his version of Plutarch's *Life of Julius Cæsar* says that Cæsar's "great prosperitie and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime, did continue afterwards in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land." If North had known enough Greek he would have said "great dæmon" instead of "great prosperitie and good fortune." A man's "dæmon," later "genius"—Shakespeare uses both words accurately—accompanied and controlled him throughout his life, even exerting an influence, in the case of an exceptional man, after his death. It is the activity of Cæsar's dæmon that is the unifying factor in *Julius Cæsar*. Through his study of Plutarch Shakespeare learnt how to write a new kind of tragic play. Shortly afterwards he wrote *Hamlet*. Shakespeare most tellingly associates the dæmon or genius with the personal rivalry of great men in their struggle for supreme political power. In his long discussion on the Shakespearean dæmon the Professor does not comment

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upon this. But what does strikingly emerge from his book is that, while every schoolboy knows the amount of information Shakespeare took from Plutarch, the more profound nature of his influence has not hitherto been fully displayed.

ANTHONY CURTIS

HISTORY THROUGH NEW SPECTACLES

Ancient History. By MICHAEL GRANT. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This remarkable little book has two main themes. The first is the lessons which the past holds for the present. Ancient historians, Professor Grant thinks, have been apt to concentrate on the wrong things. Greek civilisation, for example, breaks down at the end of the fifth century B.C. through failing to find a response to the challenge of the problem that confronts us to-day, the problem of how to pass beyond the political organisation of the autarchic sovereign state. Why, then, do not historians stress "the weakest point in the ancient city-state," its foreign policy? Historians, again, prate of the glories of Greek art and literature; they do not dwell on the squalor of Greek politics which "were, during the classical period, warlike, aggressive and debased." Instead of seeing the city-state as, in Gilbert Murray's words, "chiefly a killing machine and a weak one at that," they have glorified "periods of barbarous, petty quarrelling" as "days of romantic chivalry." If we disapprove of the Nuremburg war criminals, we should not teach admiration of their aggressive prototypes merely because they were ancient Greeks.

By contrast, Professor Grant throws into high relief the movements for combination and co-operation by means of which Greeks and Romans sought to over-step city-state boundaries. Broadly, they were of two kinds: first, the development of a system of law transcending state law and regarded as binding between man and man everywhere. The Greeks fastened this system on to an absolute standard of morality; the Romans took over the Greek conception of natural law and combined it with the *jus gentium* to cover citizens and non-citizens alike. Secondly, there were experiments in direct citizenship whereby a man became a member of two or more States, and the Leagues, for example the Achæan and Aetolian Leagues of the third century B.C. which sought to supersede the single sovereign State. These, Professor Grant reminds us, looked at retrospectively, appear as the first attempts to practise doctrines of federation. They are obviously of the first interest to those concerned with the over-riding problem of our time, and he finds it amazing that they should have been so neglected by historians, were it not for their incurable tendency "to ignore co-operation and emphasise competition." Moreover, a reading of ancient history, though it bears witness to the frequency of war, does not countenance the view that "it is inevitable that men should fight aggressive wars." It even suggests that other means can be found for drawing off men's natural impulse of aggression. These are facts "which teachers and writers of history should bring to the attention of their hearers and readers as an antidote to the apparently inevitable succession of wars of which history seems to consist."

It is this succession which constitutes Professor Grant's main theme. A chapter which deals summarily with the ancient history of Pakistan and India, of China, of Central America, Bolivia and Peru, of Iraq, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor and Persia, the whole period running from about 4,000 to 1,000 B.C., is a record of continuous aggression, enslavement and destruction, designed to achieve the supersession of one power by another. Professor Grant is anxious that we should be under no illusion as to the kind of wars the ancients waged. Ancient war, he quotes from Toynbee:

> . . . was waged ruthlessly. The persons and property of the conquered were at the mercy of the victors, and the religions of the period usually urged the extermination or enslavement of defeated peoples. The bodies of the slain were often mutilated, captives were subjected to horrible tortures. . . .

What does a reading of ancient history reveal as the causes of these almost perpetual conflicts? Broadly, two; first, the international anarchy arising from state sovereignty. This doctrine, enunciated by Senator Borah as, "there are some things in this world more to be desired than peace, and one of them is the unembarrassed and unhampered and untrammelled political independence of this republic," is deeply rooted in the ancient world. Continuously illustrated by Thucydides who, almost alone among Greek writers, perceived its folly, it constitutes one of the chief reasons for perpetual war. Some historians have alleged that wars were more frequent when the sovereign units were large empires; others, when they were small city-states. Professor Grant shows conclusively that, regarded from the point of view of liability to war, there is nothing to choose between the two types of organisation, provided that they are sovereign. The failure of the Greek city-states to federate in the face of the Macedonian danger provides the contemporary historian with one of his most topical lessons. "Are we," Professor Grants asks,

> . . . unlike the ancient Greeks, going to co-operate enough to achieve survival? If not, then we, too, will succumb to force, for ours, too, is an age in which political units cannot exist for long in self-sufficiency and anarchy.

But the international anarchy of separate sovereign States does not constitute the dynamic but only the mechanism of war. The mechanism requires something to bring it into action and this, the necessary head of steam, is provided by male aggressiveness and ferocity. These inherently male characteristics, using as their vehicles religious particularism, racial superiority and fanatical nationalism, have invested war with such a taken-for-granted air that "war and peace were," for the Greeks, "like sunshine and rain . . . natural, normal happenings" of political life.

There is much in this important book that I have left unmentioned. Its merit is that by enabling us to see human history in perspective, it throws into high relief the two over-riding problems of our time, the need to supersede national sovereignty and to find alternative outlets for male aggressiveness and ferocity. Nor is the result of the survey entirely pessimistic, for, while it shows us the ancient world largely unaware of the fact that these were its problems, our eyes are opened at least to the extent of recognising them for what they are.

C. E. M. JOAD

INGREDIENTS OF TASTE

The Art of Seeing Art. By MATTEO MARANGONI. *Shelley Castle.* 36*s.*

The Anatomy of Design. *Newman Neame.* 5*s.*

"The trouble with criticism is that it is bound to exaggerate. In one period it is subject-matter, in another composition or form or colour. Some artists, it is true, have laid more emphasis on one than another, but the attributes of the art are like fishes; hook them out of the water and they drown." This quotation from a lecture by Professor Moynihan in *The Anatomy of Design* is sound advice from a painter. It also applies, as criticism, to *The Art of Seeing Art.*

In this book, first published in Italy in 1933 and now a standard work, Professor Marangoni expounds his belief that the proper enjoyment of a true work of art is entirely dependent upon one's appreciation of its unity of style, its form—as opposed to its subject matter or content. This argument is salutary in so far as it counters the popular misconception that one's enjoyment of a work has something to do with the associations of its *title.* Yet it ignores the issue of the real content of the work. The real content is the artist's experience of the subject. This experience, simply because the man is a visual artist, will tend to be felt and expressed by visual (formal) means—but that is a very different thing from saying that its entire orientation is formal. In fact, the real distinction is not between form and content (which are indivisible) but between those ideas which the spectator imposes upon the form of the work, and those which he finds implanted in it. The first are invalid, and the second are the basis of real enjoyment.

However, Professor Marangoni, when it comes to the practical application of his theories, is forced, as all critics with similar ideas have been, to compromise. Since there is no vocabulary to describe the abstract, formal qualities of a picture, he has to translate his comments into physical or psychological terms. And it is here, writing about particular paintings and sculptures, and relying more on his experience and his sensibility than on his theories, that he is so good. He looks at works (there are 144 very interestingly chosen illustrations—mostly of the Renaissance) without ever being prejudiced by their history or reputation. Consequently he finds vivid things to say. He analyses different treatments of the same subject, he points out that a painting by Raphael is hopelessly divided into two halves, he says of the Mona Lisa that "the light smiles upon the landscape," he shows that a little-known painting by Jacopo da Bologna is actually a masterpiece—and nearly always when one checks his opinions, one not only sees that he is right in that particular case, but at the same time learns something more about the conscious process of looking at works of art in general. The writing is rather too involved to support the publisher's claim that this is "a simple book for beginners," but it is undoubtedly a stimulating book for those who can argue back.

Besides Professor Moynihan's address, *The Anatomy of Design* contains seven other lectures by the heads of the various departments at the Royal College of Art. Each of them deals with some of the contemporary problems of teaching and practice in his own subject—painting, architecture, ceramics, furniture designing, commercial art, etc. Yet what is interesting about the volume

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as a whole, is that despite the comparative shortness of the lectures and despite temperamental differences of approach, a common attitude emerges. This attitude is based on a refreshingly rational and practical assessment of the general cultural situation. All insist that art and science are in fact complementary, that the machine is a necessary extension of the tool, that good designing depends upon a real and not merely probationary knowledge of the industrial processes involved. These are, of course, obvious enough truths, but they lead to something which is essential to good teaching and which is nowadays somewhat rare—a fundamentally optimistic and therefore constructive outlook. For example, it is suggested that students, instead of merely deploring public taste, should study it sympathetically in order to discover its potential and proper needs. It is because of this attitude, and because of the casual yet revealing remarks, such as people who practise rather than theorise often make about their works, that this small book can be recommended to all those becoming interested in questions of education and taste.

JOHN BERGER

NEW NOVELS

Let It Come Down. By PAUL BOWLES. *Lehmann.* *12s. 6d.*

The Walnut Trees of Altenburg. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. *Lehmann.* 10s. 6d.

Silver Wings. By E. M. BUTLER. *Hogarth Press.* 8s. 6d.

Patrice Periot. By GEORGES DUHAMEL. *Dent.* 11s. 6d.

Fifty years hence Ernest Hemingway will rank as the man who blazed the Oregon Trail of twentieth-century letters. Though he will remain a great writer on his own account, his role in the literary history-books will surely be that of the Great Pioneer who cleared away the dead wood encumbering the fiction of his day and so paved the way for the tough, poetic American novel of the 1950s. Whatever twists and turns the art of fiction may take in the next few years, it is certain that although the younger American novelists owe an immense debt to Hemingway's technique, their view of life is entirely different from his. He has taught them to prune and clip, to cut the inessential cackle, but he has failed to impose on them his own objective, reporter's vision. (The latter lingers on only in the Dashiell Hammett-Raymond Chandler school, where litters of corpses are an effective substitute for contemporary *stimmung*.) The hard white light of the bull-ring has turned to the smoky glow of the expatriate bistro-crawl. It is the same old wound and it throbs as painfully as ever, but the hero's lewd wisecrack has become a wincing cosmic question mark. Hemingway's men have free will, they are the masters of their souls. His successor's protagonists are straws on the winds of chance, puppets waiting to be jerked into disaster. They respond to their sensations unthinkingly, automatically, like drunks or sleepwalkers. Mr. Connolly recently declared that the one quality American culture lacked was a sense of the tragic. It is ironic that the kind of novelists that are now supplying this want should be those in whose work the significance of the individual personality is least regarded. As their sense of a hostile universe increases, their men and women seem to grow smaller.

Among such novelists, Mr. Paul Bowles casts much the longest shadow. The epigraph to his first book—"Each man's destiny is personal only in so far as it may happen to resemble what is already in his memory"—might well serve as the text for his third. Dyar, a New York bank clerk who throws up his job to get out of the cage, is a cipher, a blank sheet on which the Fates can write any tragedy they happen to have in hand. His hand, so the American marquésa, Daisy, tells him at their first meeting, shows "no sign of anything." "You're safe," she declares, "from being saved."

Dyar's destiny—his "segment of eternity" as his gin-swigging enemy, Miss Goode, calls it—awaits him in Tangier. Mr. Bowles is a prince of atmospheric writers and, as previously in *The Sheltering Sky*, he has been careful to leave none of the atmosphere out. His sombre, doom-laden setting has the death's-head quality of minor Jacobean drama. The smells, sights and sounds are so oppressive as almost to swamp the toughest characters—and Bowles's characters, though seeming sleepwalkers, are as tough as they come. This is, indeed, Faulkner's "season of rain and death." The candles gutter in the Berber cafés, the storm lashes the eucalyptus trees, the thorns crackle beneath the pot of mischief that the author prepares for his hero. He keeps his hell-brew simmering and well-mixed, stirring in sweet and sour to taste. The recipe includes a beautiful Arab girl, the Lesbian Miss Goode, a Russian spy, currency rackets, a cave picnic, a dancing dervish and many fragrant pipefuls of *kif*. The result is one of this year's most remarkable and exciting novels. Mr. Bowles is well on his way to working out that salvation of all good writers, the creation of a world of one's own.

M. Malraux, in little over 200 pages, manages to encompass at least five worlds quite easily. *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg* is the rewritten first part of *La Lutte avec L'Ange*, the novel on which he was working when the Gestapo seized his notes in 1940. Partly autobiographical, it swings between the contrasting poles of two generations; Malraux (or Berger) in the prison camp at Chartres, and his father fighting for Germany on the Eastern front in 1915. Between these related episodes the book dips back in time to the dim golden world before Sarajevo. We are in Alsace, among the giant fir-trees, drinking Traminer. It is always summer, always afternoon. In this portion of the book, Malraux holds his own quality of emotional intelligence in abeyance and borrows Henri de Régnier's sentimental irony. (It is a kind of sixth-cylinder style that almost every good French writer seems to exploit as a birthright.) Berger introduces his relatives, patriarchal figures, carved like Gothic statues. He describes his grandfather, the obstinate eccentric who made a pilgrimage to Rome on foot to protest against relaxations in Lenten observance.

> Thereafter, cut off from the Church but not from Christ, he attended Mass every Sunday outside the building . . . following the service from memory, carefully listening at the window for the shrill sound of the handbell proclaiming the Elevation. Gradually he grew deaf and, afraid of not hearing, ended up by spending twenty minutes on his knees in the nettles of summer or the mud of winter.

The scene changes to the deserts of Central Asia, where Berger *père* attempts to rally Pan-Islam for Enver Pasha, then doubles back to Altenburg where Uncle Walter, the celebrity of the family, is holding a conference of European savants. Their theme (it is 1913) is "The Permanence and Metamorphosis of Man." Guttural, self-confident, they drone out their platitudes about destiny, psychology, anarchism and Nietzsche. Their voices inevitably prelude the gas attack in the next chapter. This horrifying set piece is written in Malraux's finest manner. Like the rest of his book, it shows that in middle age his writing has gained in surface urbanity without its having lost any of the fierce intellectual compassion that entitles its author to rank, with Trotsky and Sartre, as one of the great descriptive mass observers.

Miss Butler's novel is a piece of extraordinarily ingenious craftsmanship. If it were better written, it would be a considerable work of art. It is impossible to sketch the plot or enumerate the major characters without giving the game away and one can only say that the book is about a novelist's relations with his family. *Silver Wings* may be taken, so its blurb claims, "as a satire on the biographical method of literary criticism, as an account of the genesis of a work of art, or as a study in human aberrations." Any one of these labels would admirably fit the novel Miss Butler intended to write. In the hands of Henry James (or even of a sub-James), her book would have exciting possibilities. In its present state, it is only an audacious, gripping three-

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dimensional detective story. Miss Butler has got hold of a brilliant idea, but, unfortunately, she has not worked it out with anything like the application or literary finish that the subject deserves.

"He published the same year a poem on *The Plague of Athens*—a subject of which it is not easy to say what could recommend it." Johnson's criticism of Sprat's poem applies equally to M. Duhamel's novel, the subject of which is the muddle a French biologist gets into when he takes to signing Communist petitions. As a cautionary tale for scientists, *Patrice Periot* is no doubt excellent and timely. As a novel, it has plenty of that thick doughy quality that one has come to associate with the author of the Pasquier chronicles. To read a new Duhamel is like seeing the latest Munnings at Burlington House. His present volume is as well-intentioned, innocuous and unexceptional as so many of its predecessors.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Battle of Baltinglass. By LAWRENCE EARL. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Irish have, as is well known, an 800-year-old tradition of being "agin the Government", a tradition which has ever and again bubbled up and over in acts of open rebellion. And it would surely surprise even a Darwinian if such a frequently repeated mode of behaviour had not at length become hereditary. They have had their own Government for near a quarter-century, but so used have they grown to "the Troubles" that they cannot for long get on without them.

The Battle of Baltinglass was a mild manifestation of "the Troubles". It was waged over the appointment of a postal official in a small Wicklow town. The position of post-master or post-mistress had been held for over eighty years, by an entirely satisfactory nepotism, in a single family. For fourteen years the post-office duties had been, in the main, carried out by a niece of the nominal post-mistress. When the position became vacant it was assumed that the niece, who was popular and efficient, would be appointed as a matter of course. An inexperienced Minister, however, appointed one of his own followers to the office, and the ensuing storm—"the Battle of Baltinglass"—not only roused the entire country, but echoed into remote corners of the world. It was a major factor in bringing down Mr. Costello's Government and in re-establishing Mr. De Valera in power. On the merits of the case, there can be no question but that the popular voice was the voice of justice. It prevailed swiftly and against what appeared at first to be impossible and obstinate odds. Mr. Earl, one of several English newspapermen who covered the Battle, has written a dramatic but authentic account—barring some uncertainty as to idiom—which will entertain readers on both sides of the Irish Sea.

Left Bank, Right Bank. By JOSEPH A. BARRY. *William Kimber.* 18*s.*

Good reporting is rare these days. Mr. Barry, chief of the Paris bureau of the *Sunday New York Times*, is in the vintage George Augustus Sala tradition. His book is a witty, piping hot introduction to contemporary Paris and Parisians, covering most of the obvious ground and a good many etceteras. He is as much at home in the Palais Bourbon (where M. Herriot presides "like a tired M.G.M. lion") as in the Flea Market, Le Tabou, Maxim's ("black tie on Fridays") or the inmost circles of the *haute couture*. With him we visit Picasso, Matisse, Le Corbusier and Colette. Explaining why the latter is only President of the Académie Goncourt instead of among the Immortals, he explains that the rival establishment is a "stodgy, stag affair" and leaves it at that. Nothing is sacred to Mr. Barry for very long. In Chapter Ten he attempts a profile of Sartre—"probably the ugliest man in philosophy since Schopenhauer." He hastens to elaborate this description by saying that Sartre has "a red face and a weak chin; his complexion is blotched; his teeth are stained. His sandy hair is thinning on the top and greying at the sides. He wears amber-coloured, shell-rimmed glasses through which his watery blue eyes stare, simultaneously, in two different directions." Not a disciple's portrait.

Mr. Barry is at his best in Ste. Germain-des-Prés. In ten pages he explains Epiphanism, Dolorism and Intimism. The last-named is simplicity itself. "In the beginning," its manifesto declares, "was the couple." He interviews Isidore Isou, the legendary 26-year-old apostle of *lettrisme*, author of *Evolution and Complete Overturn of Prose and the Novel*, *Spit and Eternity* (a movie script "something like Gide's *Counterfeiters*") and a *Letter to Stalin*. A greater economist than Marx, a greater poet than Baudelaire, men are proud to shoot their mothers for Isou. Mr. Barry has included an excellent chapter on the American colony. Sociologists will be surprised to learn that there are now only 12,000 Good Americans in Paris—less than half as many as in 1939. "The American in Paris now," he tells us, "is closer to Henry James's Strether than Hemingway's Jake Barnes. He is in Paris to seek a set of values rather than to fight the shadows of his childhood or his trench life."

The Forging of a Family. By LORD GEDDES. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Lord Geddes subtitles his book "A Family Story, studied in its Genetical, Cultural, and Spiritual Aspects, and a Testament of Personal Belief founded thereon," and this is by no means too full an explanation of a work which is odd, unusual, and interesting. A large part of it is taken up with a straightforward family history, the history of a hardworking, able, thrusting family of Scottish sheep- and ship-owners through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until the well-tried compost, enriched by learning, eccentricity and rupees, produces two Cabinet Ministers—the author and his brother—in the twentieth. But there is more to it than this. Lord Geddes holds a system of beliefs, curiously compounded of science and what might be called common-sense mysticism—about the development and unity of the family as an institution. The seven generations of the particular family he describes, a family considerably inbred and displaying a marked continuity of interest, belief, and ability, he sees as a kind of Being—a "Great One"—which comes to a natural end in a powerful exogamous movement in the last generation. *The Forging of a Family* concludes with a specific statement of the author's philosophical beliefs, touching upon their political implications.

Physician, scientist, soldier, Cabinet Minister, Ambassador, company chairman, Lord Geddes does indeed represent the apotheosis of a kind of Scottish family that has made a distinctive mark on British life; the grim courage with which he fought a long losing battle with blindness and a terrible series of physical disasters win sympathetic respect; but a certain guarded impersonality, and a style which is adequate rather than persuasive, limit the appeal of what might have been a remarkable book.

The Elveden Enterprise. By GEORGE MARTELLI. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Elveden is a Suffolk estate, 26,000 acres of blowing sand; the "enterprise" of the title was the reclamation of this waste for agriculture, undertaken and achieved by Lord Iveagh. The history of the estate is the economic history of rural England; formerly cultivated more than once, by Edwardian times it had declined to a millionaire's game-preserve, until the present Lord Iveagh, notwithstanding the existing farming slump, and wise before the war forced

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wisdom on his generation, began to farm it again. In the seventeenth century it was known that lucerne, deep-rooted, will survive on arid sands. Lord Iveagh's observation of lucerne flourishing where all else had failed, and a hint from Mr. Macintosh, of the National Institute of Dairying Research, led to the rediscovery of lucerne. With that as the principal fodder-crop, dairy herds were increased rapidly, the policy followed being portable bails, clean milk and T.T. The resultant supply of muck raised soil fertility; barley, wheat and roots including, very successfully, beet could be grown, and lucerne or other ley restored after four or five years. Thousands of acres of waste sand became productive land carrying heavy crops. Thereafter came reclamation of the heath, with deep ploughing to bury the heather, lucerne ley, and, after some years, arable.

Commander Martelli deals lucidly, and in sufficient detail, with a subject that bears on our now most urgent problem—the increase, to the limit, of food from our own soil. We do not share his conclusion—that perhaps only rich landlords with a sense of responsibility and a flair for farming, can achieve this; but it is true that Lord Iveagh and his like have set a fine example for the State to follow.

The Memoirs of Lacenaire. Translated and edited by PHILIP JOHN STEAD. *Staples.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pierre-François Lacenaire was guillotined for murder in January, 1836. Immediately, as was his intention, he became a legend; thanks partly to the popular press, partly to the enterprise of Maxime du Camp, who acquired the murderer's severed hand and used it as a paperweight. Gautier, with a Romantic shudder, called him "the Manfred of the Gutter"; Stendhal nearly put him into *Lamiel*. Recently he has cropped up again as the Turkish Bath assassin in *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Now, thanks to Mr. Stead, we are able to read his own account, written in prison, of his life and crimes.

The thoughts of a man waiting to be guillotined have every right to be confused. Lacenaire's vision of himself as an avenging angel contrasts strangely with the pettiness of his crimes, which were mostly concerned with money; it is strange, too, to read of a man in love with death who weeps with pain when a doctor treats his warts. But the book has a horrid fascination—more, perhaps, because of what it is than because of what it tells—and Mr. Stead's translation cleverly conveys the sense of gathering speed as time grows short and the murderer's arrogant pride withers at last into fear.

Parish and Empire. By JACK SIMMONS. *Collins.* 18*s.*

The most significant of these essays is the first, on "Local, National, and Imperial History." The key to Professor Simmons's approach (which, he acknowledges, owes much to his association with A. L. Rowse) lies in his assertion that "if we limit our study to the nation . . . we miss, above all, the variety, the rich differences that are to be found all through life." Patterns of action spring from character and custom; and these stem from local sources which seldom find a place in the national historian's sweep. But local history, set in its wider reference, has been neglected. "Not a single one of the great English towns has a large-scale history worthy of its past." (Interesting, this, in contrast to Mr. Rowse's appraisal of *county* history as "one of the glories of English scholarship.") And Professor Simmons suggests that the gap could be filled by schools of district history established at the civic Universities and University Colleges, one of whose functions would be to test, in the light of their regional findings, the generalisations of writers on the national scene. At the other end of the scale, he points out that close study of the Commonwealth and Colonies began with Egerton and Hunter only fifty years ago, and has not since matured to the degree necessary to clear appreciation of the British contribution to the world overseas. Here, however, he is less specific in outlining the basis of a remedy.

In his preface, the author hints that the rest of the book is to be devoted to developing the relationships between the three fields examined in his first essay. But it is not so; and the remaining somewhat disconnected studies and sketches—concerned with the history of the West Country, of railways, and of colonial policy—while full of quietly companionable learning, lack the cogency of the opening.

The Art of Wordsworth. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lucidity, too, has its dangers. You can be so lucid as to say nothing. Lascelles Abercrombie, who died in 1938, sometimes fell into this unfair trap. Not at his best; not, for instance, in *The Idea of Great Poetry*. Here, in these lectures delivered in this form in 1935, he is unfortunately at his worst, painfully easy to follow in sedate pursuit of the obvious and the already known. Lulled by the looseness of his manner one comes in the end to value the sly, taut strokes of his Wordsworthian predecessor, Mr. Garrod. There are a few gleams of original penetration on the rare occasions when the writer turns his attention to the text of the poems and ceases to argue in the abstract, and there is an appendix in which he attempts to justify his admiration for *Peter Bell*—Abercrombie was himself a good narrative poet.

A profound study of Wordsworth's art going fully into the question of the decline of his powers and salvaging some of the later poems would, surely, be a very useful work. Abercrombie toyed with the project: but he died before he was able to carry it out.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,157

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for an advertisement, suitable for the Personal Column of *The Times*, in which any of the following offers his services: Branwell Bronte, Hartley Coleridge, Pen Browning, James Boswell, P. B. Shelley, Baron Corvo. Limit 150 words. Entries by May 6th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,154

Set by R. K. Buchanan

A knitwear firm has appealed for "gloves, underwear, socks, stockings or swimming garments of a past era" to stock its historical collection. The usual prizes are offered for not more than 12 lines of "A Briton's Farewell to his Vest"—or any other garment which he is offering in the interests of social history.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Clearly a subject that touched the tenderest spots: one which, if it did not exactly get under our competitors' skin, at least lay next to it. A large entry kept up a consistently high standard of lament; the pile had to be earnestly sifted again and again before even a short list could be drawn up; reducing it to six prizewinners was painful and invidious. Pants were the most freely given and lamented garment: other interesting offerings to posterity were cummerbunds, a wincey camisole, a money-belt, tartan hose, a body belt ("you woven, woolly ally, ribbed and staunch!" V. E. L. Brown).

Sociological light was thrown: it appears that it is difficult to get pants both cellular and long; that cami-knickers are unknown in State-side cities in the U.S.A.; that a bride in 1920 might have to sport white lisle stockings with a short skirt. Rough justice to runners-up by quotation:

For vests like men known metabolic change:
My art'ries harden: thee symmetric darns
Renew to something ever rich and strange.
(Niall MacCarmaig)

Hoop-stripèd swim-suit, combs and all I pile
Into the garner of posterity,
The camphor Musée of the Vestophile,
The Underworld of social history.
(R. G. Furnival)

Vestigial vest! I would not shed
You lightly, though I've not for years
Known through which hole to put my head,
Or how to pull you past my ears.
(Edward Blishen)

Itchy, scratchy, Holey, patchy
Guardian of my diaphragm!
(H. A. C. Evans)

Till a certain rancour
Marred our perfect ease;
Was it you that shrank? or
I that grew obese? (Sawdust Asgold)

G. J. Blundell, neatly concluded, to his pull-over:

In civic pride as I bequeathe
To one fair isle, another.

Nancy Gunter's farewell to combinations combined a dignified reticence with the strongest possible feelings:

A phoenix from your naphtha-scented bed
You rise to share our new World's bolder ways,
Nor shrink in modesty but bask instead
Within the public gaze.

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Chaste Garment, go! and show posterity
How, ere the late and crude dichotomy,
The Bosom kept its mystic unity.

Say, with thine aid, thy lovely Charges grew
So close (as peas, or nesting lovebirds do)
Scarce might Love's missives hide between the two.

Now, with the advent of the sundering bra,
They eye each other sadly from afar.
"Uplift" and "separate" the watchwords are.

How deeply would such brazen contours stain
Thy mistress' modest cheeks: *she* would as fain
Have worn her pretty bustle cleft in twain!
ELAINE MORGAN

Go, longicrural pants, and tell your tale
To some remote historian, nor fail
To bear your message of hygienic gloom
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And should he wonder why those strips of tape
Are fastened to your bifurcated shape,
Tell him George Moore, the author, lived his days
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Tell him the golden rule, " wool next the skin,"
That men obeyed till cotton trunks came in ;
Ensure that he, before your texture's shed,
Picks up the thread.

Leslie Johnson

With mixed feelings I do now donate
My early bloomers to the social cause
Where, unenthused, and incompassionate,
The antiquarian may turn and pause
And stare a moment, critical and cursory,
His mind afire with visionary gauze
But forced to study fleecy for his bursary,
The thesis craving what the sense abhors.
Nevertheless, my bloomers, unseductive,
And never in our lifetime finding favour,
May prove themselves divinely reproductive
And meet the future in some book by Laver.

Pat Bullen

You ask me why
To this august display I dare present
A velvet Tie.
Its hue—ah me, how warmly redolent
Of Bell and Fry—
Recalls the days of sunlit haze I spent
Sauntering by
Blackwells—The George—(how gold my guineas went !)—
Hall's in the High
(Newmarket out of Arcady). Repent
That quite outrageous Tie ?
Not I.

C. T. G.

I loved my combs,
Symbol of amansstrength (Hopkins).

All through the Age
Of Anxiety they kept me

Going, and then,
Dyed Arden-green, with a codpiece,

Saw me through *As*
You Like It, two charades and a

Church ball. This po-
Em expresses less than I feel—

All limb-strange, dis-
Enchanted, verse-shy, without my combs.

Martin Jordan

Farewell to my old frieze cap—thou art part of a larger thing,
Thou art part of my Grandad's waistcoat that he used to wear in the spring ;
For fifty-five years he wore it, and 'twas cut by a tailor of skill
From a Regency travelling mantle bequeathed in his uncle's will :
And the mantle was half of a horse-cloth that men of an earlier day
Had made of gigantic size for the Duke of Marlborough's bay
From a piece of a sacred remnant—in hushed voice be it told—
Of the stuff of the royal marquee on the Field of the Cloth of Gold !
So there's history in thee, cap, and many a year's wear yet,
But let the museum have thee, and I shall try to forget :
For taking it all in all it is more than a little rough
That a thing I don't want should be made of such damnèd durable stuff !

Harry Broadbent

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CHESS : You Never Can Tell

No. 134

A friend of mine, while sitting quietly in his office, would astonish his uninitiated visitors by suddenly shouting " Come in ! " for no apparent reason. " You never can tell," he used to explain. " Someone may be standing outside, too shy to knock." To most of us this would seem to be as remote a possibility as sitting down at a chessboard to score against Bronstein or Taimanov. Yet, this is what some of our players did when those two famous grandmasters, on a brief visit to London, took on 21 each, including some of master rank and quite a few others very much stronger than the opposition usually to be seen in simultaneous performances. Eileen Tranmer (Black against Taimanov) put up this remarkable fight.

(1)	P-K4	P-QB4	(29)	Q-K3	B-KB3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(30)	P-B5 !	P-K4
(3)	P-Q4	P x P	(31)	P-Kt5	O-O
(4)	Kt x P	Kt-KB3	(32)	P x B	P x Kt
(5)	Kt-QB3	P-Q3	(33)	Kt x P	B x P
(6)	B-Kt5	P-K3	(34)	R-QB1	Q-B6
(7)	Q-Q2	P-QR3	(35)	Q x Q	R x Q
(8)	O-O-O	B-K2	(36)	B x P	R-K1
(9)	Kt-Kt3	B-Q2	(37)	B-B4	B-K5
(10)	B-K2	P-Kt4	(38)	Kt-Kt5	R x B ? (B x P ch !)
(11)	B-B3	Kt-K4			
(12)	KR-K1	P-Kt5	(39)	P x R	R-K3
(13)	Kt-K2	P-QR4	(40)	P-B5	R x P
(14)	Kt(3)-Q4	Kt-B5	(41)	Kt-Q6	R-K3
(15)	Q-Q3	Kt-K4	(42)	R-Q1	P-B4
(16)	Q-K3	Kt-B5	(43)	K-B1	R-K4
(17)	Q-Kt3	R-QB1	(44)	R-Q4	R x P
(18)	K-Kt1	Kt x KP !	(45)	Kt x B	P x Kt
(19)	B x Kt	B x B	(46)	R x KP	R-QKt4
(20)	P-B4	B-K2	(47)	R-K7	R-Q4
(21)	Q-KKt3	P-Kt3	(48)	R-K4	R-QKt4
(22)	Q-Q3	P-R5	(49)	K-Q2	K-B2
(23)	P-Kt4	P-R6 !	(50)	K-Q3	P-Kt4
(24)	P-Kt3	Kt-Kt7	(51)	K-B4	R-Kt2
(25)	Q-Kt3	Kt x R	(52)	K-Kt3	P-R4
(26)	R x Kt	Q-Kt3	(53)	R-QB4	K-B3
(27)	Q-Q3	P-Q4	(54)	R-B5	K-Kt3
(28)	B-Kt2	Q-B4			

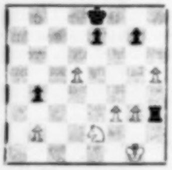
Here Miss Tranmer pronounced the Russian word for " draw " (which she had learned during the Women's World Championship at Moscow last year) and her famous opponent consented readily. So did the great Bronstein, after Jonathan Penrose (Black) had fought him to a standstill like this.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(10)	Kt-B3	O-O
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(11)	P-QKt3	R-K1
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3	(12)	B-Kt2	B-KB1
(4)	B-R4	Kt-B3	(13)	Q-B3	Kt-Kt5
(5)	O-O	B-K2	(14)	QR-Q1	Q-R5
(6)	R-K1	P-Q3	(15)	P-KR3	Kt-K4
(7)	B x Kt	P x B	(16)	Q-K3	P-Kt3
(8)	P-Q4	P x P	(17)	P-B4	B-R3
(9)	Kt x P	B-Q2	(18)	B-B1	P-KB4

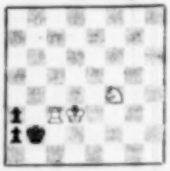
(19)	Kt-B3	Kt x Kt	(29)	Kt x B !	Q x Kt
(20)	Q x Kt	P x P	(30)	P-B5	P x P
(21)	Kt x P	B-Kt2	(31)	Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1
(22)	B-Q2	R-KB1	(32)	R x BP	R-K8 ch
(23)	R-KB1	QR-K1	(33)	R x R	R x R ch
(24)	B-B3	B x B	(34)	K-B2	R-K2
(25)	Kt x B	R-B2	(35)	R-Kt5 ch	R-Kt2
(26)	Kt-K4	R(2)-K2	(36)	K-Kt2	Q-K2
(27)	P-Kt3	Q x RP	(37)	R x R ch	K x R
(28)	Kt-B6 ch	K-B2	(38)	Q-Kt4 ch	Draw

I had hoped to devote this week's competition to our illustrious guests. But Taimanov composes merely music, and Bronstein does not consider himself a study-composer or problemist. However, since both masters told me that their favourite composers are Troitzky and Kubbel it seems fitting to offer one of each. **A**—White to win—is very neat but simple enough to be rather overrated with 5 points. But **B**—White to win—may well be underrated by the offer of 7 ladder-points for a complete analysis.

A : Kubbel



B : Troitzky



Usual prizes. Entries by May 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 5

A : *Key* R-QB6.

B : (1) P-Kt3 ! K x P. (2) B-Kt2 !! P-R4. (3) P-B3, P-R5. (4) B-R3, B x B. (5) P-Kt4, etc.

C : (1) K-Kt4 ! K-K6. (2) P-B3, K-K5. (3) K-Kt5, K-K4. (4) K-Kt6, K-K3. (5) K-Kt7, K-K2. (6) P-B4, K-K3. (7) K-B8, K-K4. (8) K-K7, etc.

(1) P-B3 is thwarted by K-B6. (2) K-R4, K-B5, etc.

I had not expected quite so many competitors—including some of our " cracks "—to be stumped by **B**. Most of them, ignoring my little hint, failed to see that the obvious line of marching on with the combined pawns is defeated by the advance of the Black QRP. The subtleties of **C** also provided quite a stumbling block. Prizes shared by J. C. Cock, D. E. Cohen, and A. Schneider who got everything completely right. J. M. Reid got near enough to deserve a most honourable mention.

Assiac

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DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

"FESTERED Lilies," by K. Dyson Taylor. A sophisticated drama of the eternal triangle—with a difference. 264 p., cloth, 10s. 6d. post free direct from Publrs., Paladin Press Ltd., 30 Gaywood St., London, S.E.1.

SOCIALISTS! Sell your books to Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837. The Club has now recommenced the German class.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Open 6 days a week, including weekends. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (HOL. 5088).

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk. White or Primrose; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d.; 4 panels 32s. 6d.; 8 panels 60s. (2) Nylon; Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in. 2 panels 20s.; 4 panels 37s. 6d.; 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths. (1) Natural Shade, (a) 6yds. × 24in., each, 22s. 6d., (b) 6yds. × 32in., each, 25s. (2) Embroidery, White, 3yds. × 27in., each 19s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for two vacant Lectureships in Economics, both occasioned by expansion to the present establishment. Emoluments (for a married member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China and inclusive of allowances): £1,400 × £40—£1,640 p.a. Applicants should be Honours graduates of British Universities, either (a) with qualifications in Applied Economics, if possible with special reference to Eastern Asia; or (b) having specialized in Modern Economics—a knowledge of Modern Economic History will be an additional advantage for this post. First class sea passages and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for the vacant post of Assistant Lecturer and Tutor in English. Emoluments (for an unmarried member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China and inclusive of allowances): £920 × £25—£1,095 p.a. Applicants should be Honours graduates of British Universities, and have appropriate qualifications and experience and should be prepared to take up the post by September, 1952. First class sea passage and furnished accommodation at reasonable rentals is provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is May 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull, Department of Adult Education, Committee for Education in H.M. Forces. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Staff Lecturer in International Affairs, well qualified in Geography, History or Economics. Salary £425 × £50—£700 (£800 in special cases), with children's allowances and superannuation benefits. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Particulars from the Registrar to whom ten copies of the application should be sent by May 17, 1952.

PSYCHOLOGISTS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about 6 permanent posts of Psychologists in Admiralty, War Office, and Prison Commission; the vacancies for women will be restricted. There will also be one vacancy for men only for a Principal Psychologist or Senior Psychologist, according to qualifications, in the Admiralty. There may be other vacancies later. Candidates for the posts of Psychologist must be at least 21 and under 31 years of age on May 1, 1952, with extension for service on a regular engagement in H.M. Forces. For the higher grades they must be at least 31 years of age on May 1, 1952. Salary scales (in London): Psychologist, £440 rising to £864 (men); entering salary according to age, varying from £440 at age 21 or 22, £576 at 25, and £707 at 30 or over. Prospects of promotion to Senior Psychologist on the scale (men) of £864—£1,151 and to higher grades. Principal Psychologist (men) £1,228—£1,510. Women's scales under review. Full particulars (including the qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 75/52; completed application forms must be returned by May 15, 1952.

A HOME for the training of mothers in the management of their homes and care of their children is to be opened shortly under the auspices of the Society of Friends as a memorial to Elizabeth Fry. The Home, which has accommodation for twelve Mothers with their children up to the age of six, is situated near Harrogate, and will be ready for occupation early in the summer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Warden, who will be responsible for the management of the Home. Salary £350 a year with full residential emoluments. Applications, giving full details of training and previous exper., and names of two persons to whom ref. can be made, should be sent to the Hon. Sec., Elizabeth Fry Committee, Beverley House, Shipton Rd., York.

THE Retreat, York. An Independent Hospital for Mental & Nervous Illnesses, managed by a Committee of the Society of Friends. Applications are invited for the post of Housekeeper-Caterer which shortly becomes vacant owing to retirement. Applicants must be capable of catering for 300 residents and supervising the kitchen, laundry and domestic staffs (except ward staffs). Salary is in accordance with Whitley Council Scales (£520 × £20 to £600—less £130 for emoluments). The Hospital is a participating member of the F.S.S.N. and pension rights are transferable. Applications, giving full particulars of age, training, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by the names of two referees, should be addressed to The Secretary, The Retreat, York.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subjects (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must, in addition, have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1952 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1952 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812—£1,022; (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440—£707; (women) £440—£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440—£655. (Rates for women under review.) Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/52 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/52/S.128/52 for the other posts.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principle subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £628-£786 (men); £533-£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £275-£586 (men); £275-£489 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £275; at 26, £498 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

REQUIRED in September, progressive woman teacher (not over 40) for a group of intelligent children aged 9-11 years. Must have Ministry of Education Certificate. The post is resident and the candidate must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Special qualifications for the teaching of physical training and dancing an advantage. Apply together with copies of three testimonials to Miss Rendel, The Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to S/4, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

INFORMATION Dept. of well-known scientific equipment manufacturers offers position for young man educated to at least H.S.C. standard who has completed N.S. Applicants should have engineering interests with aptitude for investigating and classifying technical data. Work includes industrial library methods and aspects of publishing. Experience in similar work preferred but training given to suitable person. Progressive pensionable post. Starting salary £300—£400 depending upon qualifications. Details of personal history to Box 486.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Applications are invited from women for the post of Clerical Assistant in the Youth Employment Service, Head Office, at County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Candidates should have good educational qualifications and experience in Shorthand and Typewriting. Direct experience of Youth Employment work, though desirable, is not essential. Salary in accordance with the Clerical Division of the National Scale of Salaries viz. £356 × £12—£392 per annum, plus London Allowance. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½*d.*) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, and should be returned not later than May 10.

MASTER (single) for out-of-school activities, maintenance, driving, etc., required immediately for vegetarian school with proportion of difficult children. Write stating age, exper. and salary required to Box 9975.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires a teacher and a matron. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

MASTER (single) required immediately for vegetarian school with proportion of difficult children. Write stating age, qualifications, exp. and salary reqd. to Box 9974.

CHILDREN'S Moral Welfare Worker (Assistant) required for Voluntary Organisation in Hampstead and St. Pancras. Social Science Certificate desirable. Salary scale £375—£15—£450 according to qualifications. Application to Box 643 by May 20.

WANTED Urgently. Superintendent and Assistant Worker for difficult school-aged girls in Birmingham Hostel; experience essential. Moral Welfare training if possible. C. of E. Write: Miss Little, 40 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise Street, Birmingham, 1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the vacant post of organiser for Nottingham & Nottinghamshire. Salary scale £400 × £25 × £500. It is hoped to make the appointment as soon as possible. Form & particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Sec., W.E.A., 16 Shakespeare St., Nottingham.

COMPETENT works manager required for iron foundry in the London area. Good knowledge of all classes of castings, simple machinery & engineering assembly essential. Some commercial experience an advantage. House provided. Full details to Box 471.

OFFICIAL German Organisation for University and School Exchange seeks secretary/personal assistant for its London representative. Initiative, good knowledge of German, secretarial training essential. Salary £400-£440 according to qualifics. Box 436.

INTERNATIONAL Work Camps for Peace—British Branch of International movement reqs. Secretary for Shorthand-typing & Records in London Office. Interest in internatl. understanding essential. Salary by arrangement. Application forms: Box 574.

SECRETARY, efficient, intelligent, entirely trustworthy, excellent shorthand-typist, capable of gradually assuming increased responsibilities, required by steel export Company. Good salary and prospects, five-day week, 10-5 p.m., pleasant working conditions in Hampstead. Box 568.

EFFICIENT & adapt. secretary shorthand-typist with own initiative wanted for Jewish voluntary organisation. Particulars of exp., age, refs., etc., to Box 494.

STAFF required for Children's Holiday Centre (July-September). Cook, domestic helpers, matron's assistants, group leaders (m. or f.). Staff with children over 5 considered. Falkner, Odam, S. Molton, Devon.

RESIDENT Cook required middle May for Cambridge University Settlement, 131 Camberwell Road, S.E.5. Experience in cooking for numbers essential. An interest in the activities of the Settlement desirable. Salary by arrangement. Apply Secretary.

EDUCATED cook wanted for international guest house, London. Box 623.

ASSISTANT Cook required, July 31 to September 8, Holiday Centre, Sussex Coast. Approximately 80 guests and staff. Wage for full period £20 plus full board and lodging and tips. Suitable domestic science teacher on holiday, etc. Box 561.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EMINENT Concert Pianist requires residential position in School or College which will give him time for some personal work and outside concerts. Highest teaching qualifications. Box 262.

MAN, 32, late Artists' Manager international concert agency, seeks employment 1 month pending new job. Speak Fr., Ger., type, drive, B.A. Oxon. PAR 6828 or Box 526.

YOUNG woman (interested Arts): light duties congenial family, London, for bed-sit., small salary. Box 444.

EFFICIENT Secretary/Organiser (36), wide experience, pleasing personality, available part-time, London. Box 378.

MAN (46) and wife (39) seek situations demanding integrity and intelligence, res./non-res. Both experienced company secretaries, both some teaching experience. Man some time works manager, production engineer, capable driver, handle all sorts of boats, teach sailing, rowing, swimming. Box 404.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MAN, 44, Eng., Spanish, German, knowl. French. Trained German theatre. Commercial expce. S. America. Literary ability. Seeks post where imagination and creative inclinations an asset. Box 442.

WOMAN, 29, Hons. Grad. (Latin, French), 8 yrs.' teaching, would like interesting job with adults. General interest in educational, social work. Main hobby music; some ability piano and choir training. Box 658.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Metcalfe Studentship for Women. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £60* for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applicants who do not know the result of their Degree Examinations may make provisional application. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Academic Registrar, University of London, at the Senate House, London, W.C.1 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than May 24, 1952. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement the emoluments of this Studentship up to a maximum of £241 for resident students and £180 for students who live at home, provided that the holder of the award did not enter a University prior to October 1946.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Research Studentships: The College proposes to award two Post-Graduate Studentships in the Faculty of Arts for full-time research in Arts, Commerce, Economics or Law. The value of the award is £250 for one academic year, renewable for a second year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications in triplicate should be sent by May 12, 1952. C. Meggitt, Registrar.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS HILL School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 8gns., K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking. Prep. school for boys. Old-established but not old-fashioned. Sensible schooling in appropriate setting. Hobbies encouraged.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge Kent. Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1952 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 512

EASTERN Europe Advances: A week-end School organised by the New Central European Observer at "Treetops," Farley Green, Guildford, Surrey, June 14-15. Tutors: Aylmer Vallance, Andrew Rothstein, the Rev. Stanley Evans and Neil Stewart. Social programme and film show. Write for Brochure from Organiser, N.C.E.O., 40 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8531-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge and London University Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus Free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides Comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses, with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal Miss Eileen Alexander. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd., Bedford.

DANCE Studio Lilian Harmel. Modern Dance, Basic and Recreative Movement Classes. Eurhythmics, Percussion for children. 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. Tel. PRI. 3500.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

GREGG Shorthand/Typewriting classes for business people, mornings & evngs. Mrs. King, 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7. WEL. 5855.

PERSONAL

FRENCH girl, aged 14, seeks hospitality in cultured Anglo-Jewish home (July-Sept.) in exchange for similar hospitality in Paris at any time. Refs. exchanged. Box 495.

GEOGRAPHY student wants work on a farm in return board and pocket money. July 22-Aug. 19. Unskilled but keen. Box 493.

POST reqd. by qual. musician (Pianist-Composer) in Music Trade/Prof. Box 393.

CONFERENCE and weekend school accommodation for 60-100 people wanted within 50 miles of London. Box 548.

TO let. Small country house, Herts (sleep 8-9), August/school summer holiday. Garage, help available. Easy reach London, Windsor, Chalfonts, lovely country surroundings. Tennis, boating, etc. Box 392.

ENGLISH gentleman wishes let own 5-rm. bungalow in Mentone, Riviera. Rent can be settled before departure. Box 449.

WOULD any young writer like to come and live here for a year or two? Perfect environment for the self-sufficient creative worker in the greenest depths of Ireland—full board and lodging £180 a year. Lord Kilbracken, Killegar, Killeshandra.

SECRETARY offers pt.-time help (secretarial, research, cooking, caretakg., &c.) for independent accomm., London. Box 532.

ITALIAN girl student returning Italy end May (exp. nurse) would take care children, invalid, or guide in Italy in return for fare. Refs. Marisa Semeraro, Uplands Rd., Saltford, Somerset.

LAW student (f.), B.A. (Oxon), some office exp., free mid-July/end Oct., sks. job. Anything, anywhere; suggestions? Box 429.

FURN. bungalow with lge. garden at Wexham, nr. Slough, Bucks, offered rent free to young couple prepared reside there during owners' absence, May 15-July 10, and look after furniture, etc. Gd. bus & train serv. London. Suit students. Write Coleman, Pengwern, Deadmans Lane, Wexham, Bucks.

CARAVAN £285. Canvey. Or vacs. May, June, Sept., 4gns. TERminus 8594 a.m.

STRUGGLING keep baby, unsuc. indst. needs cheap flat/cottage/help. Box 217.

ITALIAN girl student, 26, seeks hospitality July, with refined family, London, in exchange for similar, Cortina d'Ampezzo (Dolomites). Box 595.

YOUNG man sks. accom. in suitable surroundings in country 3 wks. May/June to combine exam. study and holiday, where companionship found offstudy hrs. Box 456.

EX-Nat. Serv. R.A.F. Officer (Secretarial), Reading Econ. Oct., wants job anywhere Aug.-Sept. Suggestions welcomed. Box 453.

GRADUATE, 37, wide interests, sks. another man for fortnight's walking holiday July anywhere in British Isles. Box 397.

2 Young men, car tour Continent, last 2 weeks August, seek 2 companions (m.). Share expenses. Box 552.

FINE Hand-Printing: Books of Memoirs, Poetry, Miscellanea. Editorial services. Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns. London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

ISLAND holiday fully furnished cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. 4 comf. beds, water, some mod. cons.; daily help. Own beach & use of dinghy, from May to Oct. Rent 5-7gns. wkly., according to dates still available. Mayo, Wel. 1740.

INNSBRUCK, Bavarian Alps, by car May 17-31. Expense-sharing companions invited. Box 318.

FRANCE, Switzerland. If you wish to combine a holiday with language practice and friendship, why not exchange hospitality? Welcome foreign visitor, say, July 15, for 3-4 wks., then spend same period in his/her home abroad; or vice versa. Pupils and single young people. Send s.a.e.: Mrs. Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., London, N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

YOUNG professional interior designer seeks unfurn. accom. for use as studio flat. Prepared to buy fittings, convert at own cost, or consider propositions. Box 551.

MANNEQUINS. The world-famous Lucie Clayton Appointments Bureau for Fashion Models will give a free consultation to any young lady considering day or evening training. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

PRIMAVERA—149 Sloane Street, S.W.1. SLO. 5779, invites old and new friends to view Fabrics and interesting Pottery and Glass, also Furniture for the Contemporary Interior.

DOUGLAS Glass, Photographer, 43 Black Lion Lane, W.6. RIV. 7522.

PLAYS read promptly by West-End actor-producer. Criticism, advice re placing. Fee one guinea. Jack Hobbs, Daphne Scorer, 43 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

BOOK Indexes made. Any subject, any length. Box 557.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition in sunny, central flat. No classes. Day or evening. Tel. PAD. 6929.

MATHS., personal tuition by post. S. Bacon, B.Sc., 136 Coombe Rd., Salisbury.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 637.

SPOKEN Hebrew by experienced teacher: individuals or groups. Special attention to professionals. WIL. 6982.

PRIVATE School of Painting, Drawing and Composition. Applications invited; for details and prospectus write: Beonard Gay, 1A Montagu Mews South, W.1.

PIANO Lessons by concert pianist, full Dutch teaching qualifications. VIC. 0820.

JOHN Vickers—Portrait Photographer—'phone VICtoria 4915.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in a private villa by the sea. Payment in sterling. French cuisine. Box 9693.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

SPAIN Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. Barcelona, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days' holiday in the sun. Unherded and informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get brochure.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 69 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2281.

CANAL Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs, offer a new and adventurous holiday. Cruisers for 2-6 people. May, June, Sept. Houseboat with motor boat on lovely lake.

CONTINENTAL Holidays—not "organised" or mass produced, but arranged as you or your friends may want. Spain, 10 days from £24 13s. 6d.; Brittany, 10 days from £16 10s. 6d.; Italy, 15 days from £27 11s. 6d.; also the Rivieras, Paris, Austria, Switzerland and other countries. Write for brochure or 'phone. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good, cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

YUGOSLAV Holidays in T.U. homes. Departures every week-end from May 17. 16 days incl. from £23. Early bookings essential. Send stamp. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand, W.C.2. (See Meetings Col.)

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PARIS & Riviera by luxury coach. 12 days 42gns. (V form £16 10s.). H. Till Tours, 169 Great Portland St., W.1. LAN. 7564/6.

BOYS' and Girls' summer holidays arranged by Mr. C. Rackett since 1945. This year at Hurn Court, near Bournemouth. Prospectus: 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SCHOOL Holidays. Your children (5-18 years) can meet boys and girls from other countries at Odam Hill School and children's farm, S. Molton, Devon. Riding, music, acting, competitions, etc. July 29-Sept. 16. Also month of April. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A.

TYROLEAN holiday in delightful village nr. Innsbruck. Peasant dancing and music. 15 days £29 5s. incl. Many others to choose from. Booklet free. Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Cha. 6436.

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BARCELONA. Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days' holiday in the sun. Unherded & informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get broch.: Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

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PICTURE bargains: Lee-Hankey £2; Robin Wallace £2; Clausen £2; Shannon £3; R. G. Eves £3; Luard £4; Cayley Robinson £4; McColl £4; Muirhead £6; Davis Richter £8; Adrian Allinson £8; Seabrooke £8; Nevinson £10; Ricketts £15; Laura Knight £20. Many others. Also old English watercolours from 10s. Write for lists. Box 467.

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ABLE BOYS. A week's memorable holiday on the Norfolk Broads learning to sail, for boys 11-15 (newcomers 11-13). April and Sept. Booklet from R. R. Skemp, M.A. (Oxon), 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

THE Dalmatian Coast and Venice are loveliest in early summer. A few vacancies still available in small party leaving May 29. For details apply Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. NS, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Rally & Camp, Vienna, for members of the democratic Labour Movement under 40. Leaving London June 29, 15 days; all-in, £25. I.U.S.Y., 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

BY Air to Austria. Zell-am-See July 19-Aug. 3: £34 10s., incl. flying. Conducted tours to other delightful Austrian resorts in Aug. Villars, Switzerland, £28, by train. B.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SPRING Holidays with a personal note—are you looking for something different? On our parties you will have the chance to enjoy a carefree holiday in interesting company, and you will find the cost reasonable. Ask for our Spring and Summer Booklet with arrangements in Britain and on the Continent. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

SPAIN & Andorra. Few vacancies to complete genuine private party leaving June 14. 16 days 33gns. incl. air travel & excursions. £12 spending money. Apply Box 550.

FIGHT Tory Cuts by signing Socialist Med. Assoc. Petition against Health Service charges. Forms: 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1.

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READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Economist," Feb. 1943-1950; "N.S. & N.," 1945-1951—offers; Encyclopædia Britannica, brand new set, £50; Keesing's Contemporary Archives, Volumes I, II, III, V, VI, VII and Volume VIII to March 1, 1952—offers; Complete Set Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th edition, Blue Levantex, perfect condition, offers over £30; Keesing's, current Volume; Portable Epidiascope; Keesing's Archives, 1931-52; Piano, upright pre-war Steck, in perfect condition, valued £80.

WANTED: Proust's "A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," 3 vols., must be wartime edition published by Les Editions Variétés, Canada; "Horizon" sets, odds; Mee's "I See All"; Chess-men for 6ft. board; Japanese Linguaphone set, complete; Second-hand Ophthalmoscope, Hamblin, Keeler.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. (TEM. 3334.) 7 (ex. Mon.) Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Hima Kesarcadi." Mems.

MERCURY (PAR. 5700). Sunday, May 4, 8 p.m. *Poetry Reading.* Jill Balcon, Joseph O'Connor. Tkts. 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "The Wages of Eve" a comedy. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. Adults only.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 8.30. Irving Revue. Last 2 wks. of "this invariably witty revue." S/Pic. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evenings 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun., 5.30. "The Art of Living," by Owen Holder, with Patric Doonan, Margaret Wedlake, Noel Dyson, Peter Bathurst. Produced by Frank Hauser. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until May 4: Strindberg's "Miss Julie" (A) and "A Visit to Picasso" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311. April 27, 7.30. "Mask and the Sword" (U).

EVERY Saturday night New Era Film Society presents Social and Film Show from 7-11 p.m. April 26 showing "The Vilna Legend," 19th-Century Jewish language classic (shown out-doors if fine) at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (nearest Tube Stn., High St., Kens.). Members 1s. 6d., visitors 2s., films 6d.

"IN the South of China" and "New Peking." 2 new all-colour films, English commentary. Islington Town Hall, N.1. Friday, May 2, 7.30 p.m. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2 (Tel.: Amb. 1431/2). S.A.E. please.

EDGWARE Peace Cttee. Film "Peace Will Win," Sat., Apr. 26, 7.45. 37 London Rd., Stanmore (nr. Stanmore Station).

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sun., May 4, at 7.30. L.C.C. in assn. with Wilfrid Van Wyck presents Aldo Ciccolini, famous Italian Pianist. Only London Recital this Season, in works by Beethoven, Schumann, Ravel, Debussy, etc. *2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s.* Wat. 3191 and agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall. May 8 at 7.30. First complete performance since 1748 of Handel's "Alexander Balus." London Choral Society. John Tobin. Tickets 10s. to 2s. 6d. from Box Office (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall, Wed. April 30, at 8. Overture in D minor (Handel-Elgar), Piano Concerto No. 1 (Brahms), Symphony No. 2 (Elgar). Solomon. Sir Malcom Sargent. Tickets 10s. to 2s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual Agents.

THE New Orpheus Concert Group. April 28, 8 p.m. Cowdray Hall. The New Orpheus Singers. Conductor: Mervyn Vicars. Guitar Solos. Julian Bream. Programme includes: Roland and Oliver, Racine Fricker; Finnish Folk Songs, Robert Gill; Three Songs of Shakespeare, Graham Whettam; Phyllida and Corydon, E. J. Moeran. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at door, Chappell's. New Orpheus Concert Group. CHIswick 7341.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday next. April 28, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Gordon Watson, Georgina Dobrée, Malcolm Latchem, Regis Plantevin, Margaret Major, John Cook and The Latchem String Quartet, in works by: Karl Amadeus Hartmann (first perf. in England), Béla Bartók, Alan Rawsthorne, and Paul Hindemith. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

"FREISCHUTZ." Prod. by City Opera Club. Toynbee Hall, April 30-May 3. Tickets: phone PUT. 1418.

EVENING of Israel Dance. Sat., Apr. 26, 8 p.m., at Hashomer Hatzair, 104 Nightingale Rd., E.5. Adm. free.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. C.L.B. Dance, Sat., April 26, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

HALDANE Society—Socialist Medical Assn. Joint May Day Dance, Fri., May 2, 8-12 p.m. Fountain Room, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Tkts. 3s. 6d. at door.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

EMPRESS Hall. FULham 1212. Wed., April 30, 7.30-12. N.F.J.O. Jazz Ball. Lyttelton, Randall, Christie, Crane River. 5s.

MANCHESTER Holiday Enthusiasts: Film Show & Travel Forum—Films taken in Spain, Majorca, Corsica, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, followed by questions and discussion on holiday problems, on May 9, 6.30 p.m., Milton Hall, 244 Deansgate, Manchester. Entrance free. Erna Low Holidays, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7.

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1 Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. First Exhibitions in London of the Italian painter Guido Peretta, and the sculptor, Emilio Greco.

DUAL-Purpose-Rooms showing space-saving furniture designed and arranged for present-day needs. On view April 21-May 31 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED, New Turnstile Print Morisot's "Jour d'Été" (Tate Gallery), £2 5s. plus tax £1 1s. 5d. On show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. N.E. Corner Lincolns Inn Fields.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society, "17 Collectors" Exhibition at Tate Gallery. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free. Last day, Sunday, April 27.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by A. Minechine and recent work by Brenda Chamberlain.

ROGER Fry. An exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till April 26. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission Free.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings and Prints by Russell Quay. Also A.I.A. Lithographs, etc.

ARCADE Gallery: Artists at work; 18th and 19th Century studio scenes. 28 Old Bond Street. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Until May 3.

NEW Hungarian Photography and Folk Art: Exhibition open from May 1 to 24 daily (except Sundays) 2.30-8 p.m. 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Adm. 6d. British Hungarian Friendship Society.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group Exhibition. Monday-Friday, 10-5, Sunday 2-5. Until May 11.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square. Spring Assembly until April 26. And Display of select Art Books.

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond St. W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Braque, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, etc.

THE Group of 12. Third Exhibition of Paintings. Cooling Galleries. April 21-May 2. Daily 10-6. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. "Some Aspects of Modern Dutch Painting." Van Gogh, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 26.

SAUL Steinberg, of "New Yorker" fame. 100 of his latest cartoons at I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. May 2-31. Wk.-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. 1s. 6d., Members free.

"PARIS-Londres": Mainly pictures acquired recently in France by Courbet, Corot, Cezanne, Manet, Renoir, Boudin, Pissarro, etc.; 9.30-6. Sat., 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MAY First. Harold Laski Memorial Meeting. Conway Hall, 7.30. Lord Chorley, Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Kingsley Martin, Howard K. Smith, P. N. Haksar, J. G. Wilson, R. Miliband, and others. Adm. Free. Res. 2s. 6d., from MacKenzie, 87 Fitzjohn's Ave., N.W.3. Organisers: Laski Socy.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "La France et le Droit Comparé" will be delivered (in French) by M. Marc Ancel (Paris) at 5.30 on May 6 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free, Without Ticket.

SERETSE Khama will speak on Thursday, May 8, at 8 p.m. on "The Present Situation in the Bamangwato," under auspices of All Nations Social Club, Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions & discussion. Non-members 2s. 6d. at door.

YEHUDI Menuhin, Lord Beveridge, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Ursula Jeans, John Tilney, M.P., R. W. G. Mackay. Chairman, Canon Collins. "The Hope for Humanity," Kingsway Hall, Fri., May 9, 7 p.m. Adm. free. Res. seats 2s. 6d., 1s. Tickets from Federal Union, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

POALE Zion—Jewish Socialist Labour Party. May Day Meeting. Monday, April 28, 8 p.m. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Speakers: Dr. Baruch Azanya (Member of the Israel Parliament), Mr. Anthony Greenwood, M.P. Chairman: Dr. S. A. Miller (Chairman Poale Zion Gt. Britain). Admission free. All welcome.

"THE War in Malaya," by Gerald De Cruz (Malayan journalist), Thursday, May 1, at 8 p.m., under the auspices of All Nations Social Club (non-political), Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions & discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

SOCIALIST Union of Central-Eastern Europe May Day Meeting. Transport Hall, Smith Square, S.W.1, April 30, 7.30 p.m. Chair: Victor Feather, Assistant Secy. T.U.C.; Speakers: Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., and representatives of exiled Socialist Parties.

SHAW Society, Apr. 25, 7 p.m.: Dr. Follick on "Simplified Spelling (ashore and afloat)"; 57 Dean St., W.1. May 23, 6.45 p.m.: Jill Balcon. New members invited (Sec., 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18). Non-members welcome at meetings (1s. 6d.) and on Thames-side ramble, May 17, Waterloo, nr. Platform 16, by 2 p.m.

BENJAMIN Frankel introduces his Chamber Music & other works. Chair., Edric Cundell. I.C.A. Galleries, 17 Dover St., W.1, Friday, May 2. 8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RAINER Maria Rilke. A talk and readings in English and German by Nora Wydenbruck and John Lehmann. Univ. of London. Inst. of Education, Malet St., W.C.1. Wednesday, April 30, at 7.30. Tickets 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d., from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8 (WES. 9003).

"TOWARDS a Better Understanding with China," Joseph Needham, F.R.S., Reginald Thompson (former "Daily Telegraph" correspondent in Korea), Alex Comfort & Peter Townsend will speak, under auspices of Authors' World Peace Appeal, at Kingsway Hall, 7.30 Wed., May 7. Adm. free.

ELIZABETH Bowen, "Character in the Novel," Thorpe Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington, May 1, 8.30 p.m. Tkts. 10s. 6d. (incl. refrs.) from Natl. Assoc. for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1. WEL. 1272.

COMPTON Mackenzie on Gogol. Chair: Prof. Wrenn. Readings, Peter Copley, Catherine Salkeld. Film. Wed., April 30. Partics. from SCR., 14 Kensington Sq. W.8.

"WAR Crimes in Korea and China." Mr. James Gaster, Member Investigating Commission, Union of Democratic Lawyers, and Dr. James Endicott, Chairman Canadian Peace Council, former missionary in China 22 years, both just returned from China and Korea. Supported by Mr. L. C. White. Chairman, Dr. J. Needham, F.R.S. Holborn Hall, Friday, April 25, 7.45 p.m. Tickets 6d. London Peace Council and Britain-China Friendship Association.

QUAKER Mission to Russia. Margaret Backhouse reports at Hackney Town Hall, Tues., Apr. 29, 8 p.m. Questions. Chair: Jack Stanley (just back from Moscow).

BRITAIN Arise! J. R. Campbell (Editor "Daily Worker") speaks on the 22nd Congress of the Communist Party. Hampstead Town Hall, Friday, May 2, at 8 p.m.

YUGOSLAV Holiday Meetings. Liverpool, April 28, 7.30, at Stork Hotel, Queen Sq. Manchester, 27th, 7.30, at Chorlton Club, 454 Barlow Moor Rd., 21, and Sheffield, 26th, 3.30, Y.M.C.A., Fargate, 1. Holiday Friendship Service.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2. All welcome. April 27: "The Meaning of Pain."

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., April 30, 6.30 p.m. "Direct Spiritual Experience through the Name of the Buddha." Mr. J. Austin.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England. Ethical Hall, Queensway, Bayswater (ent. 4a Inverness Pl.). Sun., May 4, 3.30 p.m. Vesak celebration. Principal spkr.: the Ven. U. Thittila. H.E. the Ambassador for Union of Burma in the U.K., will preside.

PACIFIST Religious Fellowship. Universalist Service, 6 p.m. Sun., Apr. 27. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Nr. Victoria Station. Conducted by Dr. A. D. Belden. Discourse by Harold Bing.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sun. mornings, 11 a.m. Apr. 27: Joseph McCabe, "History and its Pessimists." Questions after lect. Adm. free. Chamber concert 6.30.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. Dr. T. C. N. Gibbens on "The Treatment of Sexual Offenders." Wed., April 30, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

"WHAT is Personality?" Kenneth Richmond, Ph.D. Sun., April 27, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Pl., W.1.

LUNCH-hour talks on Tuesdays at 1.10. Caxton Hall, S.W. April 29: Yoga and the Scientific Outlook. May 6: Release of Inner Tension. May 13: Mental Relaxation. May 20: Higher Powers of the Mind.

"LITERARY Life in Poland." Speaker: author Jack Lindsay, just returned from Poland. Fri., April 25, 7.45. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 3 at 6 p.m. Mr. A. T. Pilley, "International Tulip Rally, 1952."

WEDNESDAY Lectures at Chelsea Town Hall arranged by Socialist Party of G.B. April 30, "The Effects of Geography upon History"—F. Evans; May 7, "Socialism and Human Nature"—A. Turner, 7.30.

A. L. LLOYD will give illustrated talk. "Folk Music of Many Lands." Hampstead B.S.F.S., Saturday, April 26, 7.30. 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. Refreshments 2s.

ISRAEL Independence & May Day. Israeli & International Films. Mapam, 104 Nightingale Rd., E.5, Apr. 30, 8 p.m.

"SOCIAL Criticism in the American Film." Lect. & discn. May 1, 7.30. Adm. free. Hammersmith Film Soc., Town Hall, W.6.

DISCNS. for Jewish Youth: Apr. 29: "Yth. & Question of Sex"; May 6, "Yth. & Jewish Life Today" (Dr. M. Gerson). Both at 8 p.m. at Hashomer Hatzair, 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Adm. Free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., April 30, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Anglo-U.S. Relations—An American View." Speaker: David J. Linebaugh, Attache Political Section, American Embassy. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Illustrated lecture on "Delacroix" by Gerard J. R. Frankl. Wednesday, April 30, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Use of Ideas." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., April 27, at 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "The Classical Counter-Revolution in Monetary Theory and Policy" will be given by Professor M. Friedman (Chicago) at 5 p.m. on May 1 & 6 at the London School of Economics & Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Life and Philosophy of Sören Kierkegaard" will be given by Professor J. Jorgensen (Copenhagen) at 5.30 p.m. on May 7, 9 and 13 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Development at the cellular level" will be given by Dr. A. Lwoff (Institut Pasteur, Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on May 5, 6 and 8 at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, Gower Street, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures will be delivered by Professor V. Novak (Belgrade) at 5 p.m. on May 6 and 8 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (R.278), University of London, W.C.1. May 6: "Croatian thousand-year struggle for the use of the Slavonic language in the Liturgy"; May 8: "The Slavonic-Latin Symbiosis in Dalmatia during the Middle Ages." Adm. free, without tkt.

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